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FOR REFERENCE

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM

FRANCIS W. PARKER SCHOOL

STUDIES IN EDUCATION

CREATIVE EFFORT

Published by the Faculty of The Francis W. Parker School, Chicago

VOLUME VIII PRICE, FORTY-FIVE CENTS

370.15
P23
V.8

DEDICATION

Of the "Record"

It was her power to stimulate in others that thirsting love for humanity from which she drew her urge. She moved through life like an electric force, shocking vague hungers into expression; touching off inward fires till they blazed out in glory. And so we hold her in our memory, vivid and intense.

We see her hailing our group of small, exhausted laggards across the hot dunes. We cry out in weariness and thirst.

"Suck a pebble," she advises relentlessly.

We see her holding us at our work on our club house, amid rain and snow, grandly unmoved by fear of colds or mothers. Nails slip through our numb, bruised fingers, enthusiasm freezes; rebellion flames. But when the shanty is completed and lined with sky blue cambric, we marvel at the work of our hands, remembering past labors with joy and pride. Then she spurs us on to higher effort.

We see her thrilling dead ages into life for stolid youth, whipping drowsy ambition into excitement, faring forth at last to scour the world for better ways of making small souls grow.

And we see her brought up short by death, drifting from the world on the eve of her greatest contribution, bearing with her, in spite of work achieved, an incommunicable treasure of potentialities.

We cannot be reconciled to her loss.

A Picture of a Creative Teacher. It is the dedication of the school annual to the memory of Miss Jennie Hall one year after her death. This dedication was written by an alumnus.

PREFACE

This is the eighth "Study in Education" which the faculty of the Francis W. Parker School has published during the last twelve years. Each book has sought to illustrate by concrete examples the value of some particular underlying or controlling principle in our work. This volume centers attention upon the results of children's creative activity. Our generalized discussion of these results we have reserved for the end of the book, believing that it will mean more to the reader after the presentation of the concrete material. There are, however, certain tenets of our creed which may best be stated at the outset.

We presuppose that in varying degrees and with wide individual divergences and tendencies, all normal children possess impulses to create. We do not, therefore, need to justify this output of children's work by its intrinsic worth; certainly no genius has appeared among us, and as certainly we are not at all satisfied with what has been done thus far in our school. We believe, however, that such a survey as this may be useful both to our own teachers and to other teachers because it uncovers and stresses the fact that children of all age, from the youngest ones through the high school, will, when given opportunity, pour forth spontaneously and joyously their imaginings, ideas, and emotions. Though the form of such expression is often crude, we think that it is nevertheless delightful because of its promise, ingenuousness, and originality.

We believe that we see in this accumulation of creative material genuine encouragement for our conviction that it is a prime responsibility of a school to provide for its children both constant stimuli to creative effort through books, people, and environment, and wide opportunity for continuous and satisfying use of their own creative impulses. We believe it shows that genuine, worthwhile responses come abundantly when there are stimulating sit-

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uations in a child's environment, where there are experiences which stir his emotion and touch his imagination. For such stimuli teachers must be responsible, and since there is little suggestive data now available, it would seem valuable if each school would share its experience by publishing its most suggestive results.

Recent scientific investigation and research in educational fields has enabled teachers to measure the intelligence of children more accurately, to evaluate school subject matter better, and to test some kinds of school achievement. For such help we must be profoundly grateful; but there is some danger, it seems to me, of swinging too far in this direction, of allowing the mere gathering of data to engross too much of the precious time of children. Moreover, in too many schools both teachers and children seem so concerned in getting control of tools that they have little time to use them constructively or for creative purposes. More than ever we need to keep our vision clear to the value of those elements in life and education which cannot be measured and which give to us all, big and little, the highest aspiration and inspiration, which create in us standards of taste and attitudes toward life which go far in protecting us from ugliness and sordidness in our environment.

We believe that a study of such material as we cite tends to make us realize that creative expression is fundamental to the child's fullest development, to his happiness and his spiritual growth. All normal children have the right to live in a rich environment, to exercise to the full all their powers of expression, and to have every avenue to their souls open and in use. Not everyone can contribute to the permanent beauty of the world, but it is the privilege of every school to create conditions which should arouse each child to express freely in some chosen form his own best ideas, inspirations, and emotions.

Flora J. Cooke

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The photographs in this volume were taken, with a few exceptions, by Charles A. Kinney.

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"Say," says I, "everybody up at school is talking about Happiness and the reasons thereof. What do you think Happiness is?"

"Dear lad, your question is foolish," said Cousin Ed, who is twenty-three. "There are no set rules for Happiness. Two people can be in the same environment and yet one can be happy and the other perfectly miserable."

"But what does Happiness mean to you?"

"It means absolute comfort, mental, physical. When I have no worries and am seated in the best chair in the house I am happy. To me comfort is Happiness."

"But Noah Webster says——"

"Hang what Noah says! How could he know what Happiness is, when all he did was write down a lot of words and burn the midnight oil? And besides, don't you know nobody had any good ideas before the twentieth century?"

"Now you're trying to joke. I really want your honest opinions. Look here, Noah probably knew more about Happiness than you do, because he achieved something, and to create is Happiness.

"No, lad," said Cousin Ed, "at the moment a man finishes something, his joy is one of Ecstasy just like love is."

"But there isn't anything in common between Love and Creation."

"There isn't anything alike in an elephant and an angle worm, but they're both live stock. To create something worth while, if it's only a horseradish, is a kind of ecstasy."

—Extract from article published in the school "Weekly."

CREATIVE EFFORT—IN WRITING

It was not horseradishes which the cousin of Cousin Ed created. It was chiefly compositions of words. His bit of "seventeen" philosophy may contain the flavor of the unusual, but most of the productions cited in the following pages were written by children who are decidedly "average." And these are the merest fraction of the annual output of children's writing which we may presume to call "creative."

We have arranged the compositions according to the apparent reasons why the children wrote.

I

The first group contains the poetry and prose of children whose imaginations had been stirred by the lives of people remote in history or far away from us on the earth's surface. (The exact nature of the historical backgrounds which had previously been created is described in Studies in Education, Volume VII.)

We look up to sky—
Blue sky covers us,
Sun smiles upon us,
Sun loves us,
We clap our hands with joy.
We dance around the sacred oak tree.

Second Grade when studying the Early Herdsman*

PHEIDIPPIDES

Pheidippides is running along the water. His heart is full of fear, his legs are tired, he is weak, he falls down beside the brook and shouts "Pan, Pan."

Pheidippides hears the sweet music of Pan's pipe. He feels the rough hand on his head. He jumps up and looks around. Though Pan is gone he feels gay.

Pheidippides' heart is full of joy. His legs are strong. He runs along and whistles as he goes. He rushes into the gate of Athens and says, "Pan, the great God, is going to help us," and all the men's hands go up with joy.

Georgette T., Fourth Grade

*See article, "Creative Effort in the Morning Exercise."

A SONG TO THE GODS

Dear gods on high,
The Greeks shout
A song of thanks.
We have won a great battle.
We sing to thee for praise,
Gods on high that watched the great battle,
Who saw the Persian oars crash together and break,
You who saw the boats turn over,
We, the proud who won the mighty battle,
Dear gods on high,
We sing a song of praise.

Georgette T., Fourth Grade

VICTORY SONG TO THE GODS

Oh thanks be to Neptune who hast sent storms to wreck the Persian ships. Oh thanks be to all the gods of Olympus.

We sing this song to thee, Oh gods of our dear Greece.

Athene gave us wisdom. That we know, or we should not have even this victory.

Apollo gave us joy, light, happiness, and health.

Above all Zeus gave us our dear Greece that we may love and care for her always.

Victory, victory, victory to the gods.

Ruth K., Fourth Grade

Oh Apollo, the Lord of the Silver Bow, who driveth the chariot of the sun, 'tis you who maketh light and happiness; 'tis Leto who openeth the golden curtains for you to go out. Your horses await you. They draw your wonderful chariot for you and leap through the air.

Margery H., Fourth Grade

A SONG TO PAN

Pan is a great god.
He has tiny horns
And goat's hoofs.
He makes music on reeds.
It sounds like
A ripple of water.

He has a bearded face
And likes to wade in the brook.
He splashes and paddles
Till the water is muddy,
And has a joyous time.

Dorothy K., Fourth Grade

WHAT A SLAVE SAID IN THE MARKET PLACE OF TYRE TO A BIRD IN A CAGE

Oh, you my fellow prisoner,
Wish for your home as I do,
Wish for it, long for it, sing of it.

In spring the mountain is waiting for us cool and green,
The dark, deep pool is waiting for us.

I only want to see the trees, the birds, the flowers.
But what can we do, only poor prisoners?
Wish for it, long for it, sing for it.

Suzanne S., Fifth Grade

MOUNT LEBANON

High up on Mount Labanon
The cedars are growing tall.
Then the men with their axes come
And chop them till they fall.
The fir trees with their wide branches
Are swaying to and fro.
They never think that some day they all will go
To Egypt, Syria, and other far away lands.
Do they know they might be part of a great temple some day
In places very far away?

Florine G., Fifth Grade

MOUNT LEBANON

I love to be on Mt. Lebanon
And chop the frosty cedars.
I love to swing my heavy axe
And watch the trees crash down.
I love to roll them to the stream
And slide them to the town.

Nixon de T., Fifth Grade

A CARAVAN

Look, here comes a caravan,
Gliding through the great billows of the sand desert.
See the goats, oxen, donkeys, and camels coming along.
Just look at those camels, those big two-humped dromedaries.
How gracefully they carry their great bodies,
Jogging from side to side,
Till at last the train is but a speck on the desert.

Harry D., Fifth Grade

PHOENICIA

See the white-capped top of Lebanon
With its forests grand.
The fir trees and cedar trees
Are solemn as they stand.

In the market place of Tyre
Men work like busy bees.
The market place of Tyre,
Is the market of the seas.

The vessels of Phoenicia,
The seagull's screaming cry,
A trading vessel's sailors
See these things as they go by.

James L., Fifth Grade

THE WAVERUNNER

Over the waves it ran.
Keeping time to the beating of water,
The Waverunner skimmed the water so blue.
The Waverunner fought many battles.
The Waverunner skimmed the water,
The waters so blue.

Betty C., Fifth Grade

PIONEER'S ADVENTURES

Beyond the Alleghanies
Where many a man had failed
To find the great unknown,
I longed to wander forth.
So I ventured toward them,
Tramping wearily over the mountains,
Searching through the primeval forests,
Wading through the merry streams.
Plentiful was the game in the forest,
Plentiful were the fish in the stream,
And many the fowl in the air.
Then I sought myself a site
To build me a shelter.
I came upon a little upraised land
With trees grown thickly upon it.
I at once set to work
To clear a little opening,
And with the logs I cut
I erected a little shelter,
And thus I found my longed-for land.

John M., Sixth Grade

DESCRIPTION OF AN INDIAN

In a remote place in the forest there stood an Indian. A man untrained in the art of observation could not have distinguished his dark skin from the drab-colored forest behind him. Suddenly a hoot like that of an owl was heard. The Indian did not stir. His black eyes remained as they were. Then he dropped softly to the earth and one could see his mouth set in a grim smile. He disappeared in the bush, wriggling so little that the muscles in his bare arm scarcely moved. A minute later when the enemy appeared there was not a torn leaf or a displaced branch to show that anyone had been there.

Robert W., Sixth Grade

THE EXPLORER

During the dark gray days of fall
  I sit by the fire and wonder
If the lands I seem to see behind mountains
  Are true, or if they are my dreams.

At night when I am in bed adreaming
  I seem to see myself travelling
Over thin, old, rugged paths
  Which lead into the great unknown.

Eventually I wandered over the purple-headed mountain,
  And came to the great wide plains below.
There to my astonishment were many herds of buffalo feeding.
  I knew at first sight this was the land of my dreams.

Peter L., Sixth Grade

THE LAND OF THE SUNSET

Down the long gray aisles of the forest,
Over grassy plain and marshy hollow,
Far away over the blue distant hills,
Stretching on toward the land of the sunset,
A lone hunter picked his pathless way.

Virginia McG., Sixth Grade

In the days when man was nothing more than a great ape, Shah the mighty Mastodon roamed the plains of Northern Europe. Many were the times that Shah had fought battles with other wild beasts, till now he was king of all animals except Gon, the fiercest and wickedest of the animal world; for none cared to give battle to the terrible Saber-Toothed Tiger. But it came to pass one day that Hib, youngest of the herd, whose tusks were just beginning to show, had been slain by the terrible Gon. Then Shah rose in his wrath and told the best of his warriors to sharpen their tusks. Many trees were scraped of their bark, for every

Mastodon that could fight sharpened his tusks. That night a council was held, and Shah told them that each should swear to hunt for and to try to slay the wicked Gon. So with loud trumpetings they swore a great oath that should any not do his utmost to slay Gon then he should die. Then they parted, each going his own way. And it came to pass that Shah went to the East to ask of Kee, the wisest of apes, what would be the best course to follow so as to find and slay the wicked Gon. Kee told him that Gon had a lair a thousand and ten leaps away on the right of the bright tusk of Shah; also he told him that Gon was very wary and it would be hard to catch him napping. Morning came, and Shah challenged Gon to fight.

Then Gon came from his lair, and they fought long and hard; first Gon would spring and then Shah would nearly crush him. So the fight went on till the sun rose high in the heavens, when Gon, gathering all his strength, made one last desperate spring and landed full on Shah's back. It seemed that Shah would hardly live to see the light of another sunrise, when with a mighty effort he swept Gon off his back by running under a tree. Thus the terror of the brave as well as the cowardly lay at his feet. He made short work of Gon by merely stamping one great foot on him.

Shah lived to an old age, and even to this day his memory is held sacred by animal folks the land over.

Joseph K., Seventh Grade

BROTHERHOOD

England, 1381

Scene I. An Inn

(At right a table and two benches. At left, back, a sideboard upon which are numerous tankards and pewter plates. Several peasants lounging about, drinking ale. Enter soldier. Strides across to table where Diccon sits.)

Soldier—A mug of good English ale, mine host.

Diccon (shouts to Bess, the innkeeper's wife)—Art there, old Bess?

Soldier—These ten long years have I been fighting in France, and pouring their thin wine down my gullet, but I have not forgot the smack of good October ale. (Bess brings ale to Diccon and soldier. They touch tankards and drink.) That's the right taste, is it not, brother? Ah, ye lucky Englishmen, with your good beer and good beef! Little ye know of starving, of beatings, of jails. 'Tis the down-trodden dogs of France that know hardships. (Peasants, astonished and angry at this speech, leap to their feet and protest.)

Wat—Lucky!

Will—Hardships!

Jock—Work, work, work! Boon work, week's work, fines!

Wat—Little wot you what we must bear, tied to our land like dogs!

Bess (in the tone of a person who is always laughed at)—And the ropes cut deep, too.

Ralph (striding forward)—I tell you, we will not stand it many days longer. We will cut the bonds that bind us to the land, and every man will be free.

(Enter young maiden, pale, ragged, starving.)

Maiden—Mistress Bess, where is she?

Bess—Here I be. What wilt have?

Maiden—Pray, good Bess, a cup of ale. (Jock, pitingly, gives maiden a piece of money. Bess gets ale and the maiden goes on.) We could buy both bread and ale, had not our last penny been spent for the poll tax. (Exit maiden, courtesying.)

Bess (to soldier in a scornful tone)—Ah, we lucky Englishmen.

Jock—An we had no wrongs, why, thinkest thou, should we flock to hear the words of John Ball?

Soldier (scornfully rising)—John Ball, John Ball! Who then is this John Ball of whom the very babes chatter? North and south through the countryside, villein and freemen alike prate ever of John Ball.

Jock (with indignation)—Who is John Ball, sayest thou? Who then art thou that knowest him not? These twenty years hath John Ball gone about, stirring up the men of Kent and Sussex.

Bess (mockingly)—Aye, the pestilent priest! Let but the Abbot lay hands on him and he will rot in a dungeon.

Ralph (fiercely)—Rot in a dungeon! Not while ten thousand stout-hearted Englishmen can batter down iron-bound gates.

Wat (strides toward soldier and speaks in fierce tone)—Before the new moon, even the nobles will know of John Ball.

George (during this speech to soldier, others nod their assent)—Aye, the nobles! No more will they sit idling away their time in useless luxury. All men are equal, saith John Ball. Is this the will of God, to have some men toil day after day, and eat black bread and herd in kennels, while he who sitteth at ease in lordly manor house or monastery is a parasite on his own wretched brethren?

Soldier (rising and speaking with a sneer)—And why, my good friends, do ye sit here idly drinking ale, and gossiping like old women? Why not up and to arms?

Will—Up and to arms, sayest thou? At the word of John Ball we shall be up. We shall march to London. No man will dare oppose us, nay, not even the nobles, because the King will be our leader.

All (with enthusiasm)—Aye, the King!

Diccon (with the manner of the habitual jester)—The king, the king! Doth he ever think of us? No, the King is like to a weather cock; whichever way the wind bloweth, with that side will he go. (Laughter.)

Bess—Aye, Diccon, and there be thy chance. Ye man must see to it that the wind bloweth your way.

(Enter bailiff. Serfs take refuge in corners.)

Bailiff (brutally)—Silence! What do all ye lazy serfs here? Away, every man to his patch of land!

Jock (to soldier, in a terrified tone)—'Tis the bailiff!

Lawyer (coming out from corner. Peasants look at him with hatred. Their hating and longing for revenge increase as he speaks)—Aye, bailiff, in good time hast thou come. These ignorant hounds here are planning a rising against their masters. They are thinking to burn and plunder the manors. They expect to march to London and see John of Gaunt flee in terror at the sight of a few serfs.

Bess (in lawyer's ear)—Aye, old cackle-throat!

Bailiff—Do ye serfs, ye villeins, ye breakers of the law, think that ye can start a rising? Ye crawling, cringing vermin! Bah! Your great rising will melt like snow before the sun.

Messenger (outside)—Is the bailiff within? (Enter messenger breathless.)

Bailiff—Well, what's to do?

Messenger—I come to tell thee that Peter, who ran from the land two moons since, on Lammas Eve, has been taken. (Serfs fall back in despair.)

Bailiff (savagely)—Two moons—sixty days—sixty lashes on Peters bare back! Gape at Peter an hour hence, where he sitteth with bleeding back in the stocks! Can such as he and ye put down the mighty golden nobles? (To the lawyer) Do thou, sir man at law, bide here. Shortly I return. I shall need thee to show Peter's serfage. Stay, take thou this pouch. (Hands pouch to lawyer.) 'Tis the money from the court fines. Make a careful accounting in a fair hand against my return. And ye, lazy wretches, back to your fields! Idle here no longer! See to it that I find you not again at your silly plots. (Exit bailiff. Lawyer attempts to follow him.)

Bess—Aye, all of you go. Out of door with you. (Peasants and Bess jostle lawyer and prevent his exit. Serfs jerk him around from one to the other.)

Lawyer (in a panic)—I will with thee, sir bailiff, an it please thee. Get ye home, villeins! 'Tis bailiff's orders. (Peasants hold him back, and door closes on bailiff.)

Will—Art afraid, friend?

Ralph—Nay, stay thou here. 'Tis bailiff's orders. Spy?

Wat (fiercely)—Now, there babbler, thou tell-tale! We have thee. Thou hast tied a rope around thine own neck, using thy learning against brave Peter.

Diccon (mockingly measures lawyer's neck with his fingers)—'Tis a very short neck. Let us stretch it.

Jock—Aye, a lawyer! Cause of all the evil which has come upon us.

Bess—Aye, my fine speaker, my fine writer! He fain would speak. He will prove by parchment that he is no foe of the people. (Ralph

puts rope around lawyer's neck and starts to drag him out. Will leaps forward. Shouts maliciously.)

Will—Drag no man to the gallows without a trial. A court! Let us hold a court. I be bailiff. (Will jumps on a table. Diccon snatches lawyer's hood, huddles it about his own neck, and leaps on bench beside table.)

Diccon—I be lawyer.

Wat (dragging lawyer before mock bailiff)—His son married a lass he loved.

Diccon—Five groats.

(Wat wrests money from lawyer, who struggles frantically to retain it. Wat gleefully counts his money. Malicious laughter. Peasants in turn come forward with mock accusations and snatch money from terrified lawyer.)

Jock—He ground not his wheat at the lord's mill.

Diccon—Three groats.

Bess—He brought no fowl at Yuletide.

Diccon—Six groats.

Ralph—He sent no cart to the haying.

Diccon—All he has left!

Lawyer (in deadly fright)—O good people, pray, pray, do not take the bailiff's gold! I were but a dead man an I lost it. Give me back my gold, my pouch!

Will (with scorn)—Thy pouch!

Jock—Thy gold. Thou meanest our gold.

George (During this speech peasants one by one become ashamed each and restores money to pouch)—Peace, 'tis enough. Give back his filthy money. 'Twas wrung from us penny by penny while the lord wrought not at all. All men should share earth's burdens, saith John Ball, and earth's wealth. But he saith not that we shall take money, as if we were robbers. 'Tis justice we want, not plunder. An we stand, every man, by the fellowship, we shall be free men. Is not that better than gold? Will ye not give it back brothers? Wilt not thou, Wat?

Wat (grudgingly stepping forward and dropping money into pouch) —Aye, though I need it sore.

Ralph—Aye.

Jock—Aye, though Bess wants it for the ale I drank.

Bess—Hear the pretty pennies clink! (Church bell sounds.)

All—John Ball hath rung our bell! (Exeunt, calling and shouting.)

Scene II. In Market Place

(On the left a market cross. Jack Straw standing on the step. On the right a pair of stocks, with Peter in them. One hears the chanting of the peasants.)

Peasants (outside)—When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?

(They enter noisily.)

Wat (seeing Jack Straw and turning to the others)—'Tis not John Ball. Who is this?

Diccon (coming forward and gazing impudently at Jack Straw)—Mark the wisp of straw in his cap. Ho, there, Jack Straw!

Ralph—Jack Straw, what dost thou here?

Jock—'Tis John Ball doth ring our bell? Where is the priest?

Jack Straw (at his words peasants shrink back in dismay, shaking their heads)—From John Ball am I come. This very day must we rise. Many a year have we talked of a rising. This word of John Ball shall stir borough and shire. Come, brothers, be ye ready now, to-day? Will ye take bills and bows and march to London? Will ye leave plow in furrow and ax in tree? Will ye risk life for the fellowship? An ye will, follow me. Up to the steps of the cross! Wilt come thou?

Wat—I? Nay, not I. Who will care for my three swine?

Jack Straw—Then thou.

Will—Leave my plow to rust and my corn to rot? Let others go.

Jock—Wait till the oats are ripe and the barley reaped.

A Woman—My man must to the mill with the grain, that I may make the week's bread.

Diccon—Who will cut firewood for the winter?

Second Woman—Who knoweth that they will ever return! Will ye leave your babes to die of hunger, while your bodies dangle from John of Gaunt's gibbets?

Soldier (aside)—These be Englishmen, and yet cravens.

George (pleadingly)—Oh, brothers, brothers, hold not back. The hour has struck. If not now, when? Ever will ye have babes to leave, fields to till, and corn to grind. Say that I swing on the gibbet, or thou? An we win freedom for England, what is my life or thine? Did ye think that John Ball alone could set every villein free? Ye have been prating these long years of your wrongs. Now, up and strike for freedom.

Jack Straw—All England riseth. Will ye alone bide here, while all the folks of Essex and Sussex, Norfolk and Suffolk and Kent, march on London? Shall they fight for your freedom? Ye were the first to cry for justice. Will ye be the last to rise? Come, all ye men of the fellowship, and follow me.

George (from the steps of the cross)—Shame! shame on a cowardly folk! An ye be so weak, I alone will go with Jack Straw.

Soldier (strides over to the market cross)—And I with thee, comrade.

George—Come thou, too. Ralph.

Ralph—Nay, without a leader? Where is John Ball?

Jack Straw—He lieth in Maidstone Jail! (Fierce wrath among the peasants.) Hear ye his message!

Peasants—The message! Read the message!

Jack Straw (reads)—John Ball, sometimes St. Mary's priest of York, greeteth well John Nameless, John Miller and John Carter.

George—Aye, every man of us John Ball greeteth well. (Peasants assent.)

Jack Straw—and biddeth them beware of guile in borough, and stand together in God's name, and biddeth Piere Plowman go to work, and chastise well Hob the Robber—(Growl of wrath from the peasants.)

Ralph—Truly, Hob the Robber.

Wat—'Tis the King's treasurer he meaneth.

Jock—'Tis he that putteth this foul poll tax upon honest folk.

Jack Straw—and take with ye John Trueman and all his fellows, and no mo.

George—We be all fellows of John Trueman, be we not brothers? (Peasants assent.)

Bess—An I were a man, I had been half way to Maidstone Jail ere now!

Jack Straw—And look sharp, you, to one head and no mo.

All (with a shout)—Aye, Wat the Tyler.

Diccon—Now is the time to batter down iron-bound gates.

Soldier—First an ax to free Peter! (Snatches ax and batters down stocks.) Now on to Maidstone Jail. (They go out shouting.)

George—If God wills it from this day, all English men shall be free and brotherly.

Eighth Grade

The two poems, the two stories, and the narrative, which follow, were all handed to the seventh grade teacher in answer to a call for contributions to the school annual, the "Record." The children had been urged to choose any subject which they really cared to write about, with no restrictions whatever. Thirty-one children, out of a class of thirty-two, wrote on subjects suggested by historical backgrounds. These five compositions the class asked to have mimeographed.

EGYPT

Oh Egypt, now a land of ruins,
Where is all your grandeur?
There are no temples, no chariots,
No soldiers returning from conquering exploits,
No sailboats, such as were in your ancient time—
Gone, never to come again.
You look like a peacock, shorn of its plumage.
Yes, your splendor is really gone.

James L., Seventh Grade

MOUNTAINS MADE BY MAN

In the desert wild and free,
Towering with majesty,
The Sphinx of Gizeh stands.
High upon the mountain tops—
Mountains made by man—
Wait the desert bands.

Floating down the River Nile
Sails of white go gliding by,
Bearing on the bier on high
The body of a king.
Never more his golden ship—
Dead is he and gone for aye—

To lie in mountains,
Mountains made by man.

Joseph K., Seventh Grade

THE COMING OF THE HYKSOS

"Hark! What do we hear? Approaching thunder? It is the infernal beasts, those things with four legs that belong to those barbarians the Hyksos. Help! help! To the citadel! Crash! Listen to them battering on the gates! Ha! we are safe. Oh, woe is upon us. Look! they are burning the palace. Parshk is in command of us. Never let him be! Never! The mad priest! Throw him over the battlements. Sorrow be with ye, ye sons of Egypt, we are betrayed—we are betrayed! Help! help! Here they are. Fight to the end. S-s-s-s, listen to their whirling blades. I yield, I yield, mercy, mercy. We are taken." Torches flash on the shining metal. "Oh Ashmur, my friend, that is all I remember of the downfall of our last stronghold."

Joseph K., Seventh Grade

THE HUNT AND A NEW LEADER

Our tribe lives in a great forest surrounded by high mountains. My name is Shahl, my father's name is Sahb, and my mother's name is Gidah.

For a week our tribe had gone to sleep, to waken and find one of us missing. Who was the thief after human flesh? Why did he seek our tribe and kill at night? He, whoever he was, was a coward!

One night I was awakened by the cracking of a twig outside our cave. Two green eyes appeared, and in the moonlight I saw the stripes of a tiger. A saber tooth. His fangs glistened. He was the robber of our tribe.

I jumped to my feet and gave a cry of alarm. The tiger was undisturbed, but he gave a fierce growl. Our tribe grabbed the spears and

axes. My father sprang in front of the tiger and hurled his spear, but the tiger leaped aside and the spear only wounded him.

Now, a wounded tiger is far more dangerous than one that is not. The wound smarts and enrages the beast. The tiger sprang at my father in a vain effort to tear him to pieces. Being used to quick action, my father sprang lightly aside and the beast fell harmlessly to the ground. He gave a roar of pain and limped from the cave. Our tribe followed him to his lair, and there to our horror we saw the half eaten and disfigured bodies of our tribesmen. The tiger, however did not stop but leaped over a rock and disappeared in the forest.

By striking flint we made a fire in which we cremated our dead and we then started on the hunt for the saber tooth.

We sharpened our spears and made ready for the signal to start. Some of us went in one direction while the rest of our party went in a different one, forming the point of a spear—thus /\. For three days we walked or hunted when, on the evening of the fourth day we heard the cries of our other party and the fierce roar of the tiger. We ran in the direction from which the cries came.

We saw our comrades on a cliff, trying to roll a huge rock on the beast, but the tiger would not come near enough. With our spears raised, we charged the beast and tried to back him up against the cliff over which the rock was placed. We did so, and as our brothers on the cliff tried to push the rock over the edge they loosened a small stone which fell and struck the tiger's left ear. He shied and jumped to one side as the big rock was pushed over the cliff. It missed him and crashed to earth in a hundred pieces.

I was at the time nearest to the tiger and almost mechanically I raised my spear and hurled it at him. The spear was hurled with not much force, because I was only sixteen years of age, but it did plenty of harm. The tiger could not rise, so I with my axe stunned him with a blow upon the head and my father killed him.

That night there was a jolly fire in our cave. I was stretched out on a tiger skin eating a piece of tiger flesh. Oh but it was good. All our tribe was feasting on the thief instead of his feasting on us.

My father rose from his seat. As he rose a silence fell over the tribe. His eyes gazed upon each member thoughtfully and finally his gaze fell upon me. He said, "Shahl, my son, thou hast been brave this day. For your bravery you deserve some prize or honor. I have and know of only one." He paused, he looked at the tribe, and again at me. "Son, this is your prize." He looked at the rest and said, "Sahb, father of this hero Shahl, is old, he is no longer the wonder with his spear. As leader of this tribe I, Sahb, give my place to my son, Shahl." He took me and held me up saying, "Behold your new leader."

That ends my tale of the hunt of the saber-tooth tiger and how I became leader of our tribe.

James I., Seventh Grade

PROGRESS OF MAN

Do we any of us realize how old our civilization is, or how it would be if we went back to when man was only beginning his development? What would we think if we were to see half-beast and half-man creatures dressed in skins and babbling in their own peculiar tongue? Let us imagine ourselves watching a play entitled "The Progress of Man," but remember the actors are unaware that we are watching.

First Scene
The Earliest Man, or the Beginning of Man

See the dense forests and the huge and queer animals! See the fire; over there, queer ape-like men are hovering around it; they are babbling over it; they feel the heat and are unconsciously making their brains work. Don't you always wonder over new things? There is a roar, the babbling stops; in the silence they are thinking; as a result of their thoughts they get up and pile more wood on the fire—for they are just beginning to understand the animals' fear of fire.

Second Scene
Centuries Later When Many Happenings Have Caused This Ape-Like Man to Think

This scene shows the same dense forests, but instead of the men squatting around a fire and in crude brush shelters there are villages out in a little lake with rafts to get back to the mainland. These lake dwellers have also learned to make cloth, for they no longer wear skins but have woven clothes.

Third Scene
The Land of Egypt, Much Developed for Its Time

Here we see great kings in beautiful stone temples with brilliantly colored carvings on their walls. One king is seated in a golden chair studded with precious stones. Hiss robe is made of "woven gold;" it is beautifully planned and could have been done only by skillful weavers. There is a man kneeling before the king and he is told to rise. The king speaks to him. "I understand you have a chariot which rides in water without being pulled." The man answers, "Yes, your majesty." The king answers, "Explain it. We have found our floating trees* quite satisfactory for hauling stone down the river." The man replies, "Your majesty, my father is and has been since I was a small boy, a raftsman hauling huge blocks of stone across the Nile to your great pyramid. I as a boy used to lie in the prow of the raft and watch the little craft push its way through the water. I also compared it with my own and a duck's swimming; a duck seems to have a pointed front that cuts the water better, and I keep my fingers together when swimming. Thus I have found I can swim more easily and more swiftly. According to this I have made a boat with a different shape from any you or anyone else has seen today. It is waiting outside if your majesty would care to look it over." And that is how the first crude sailboat came to be.

*Log rafts

This period ends the great progression period, and the countries that followed were just ones whom you might call telling people, but these early people whom I have just shown to you were the real people who had to find things out without being told.

Eleanor W., Seventh Grade

II

Every year on May Day the school's chosen Queen receives in her court poets and musicians who recite and sing in her honor. Those whom she deems most worthy—and often there are many of them—receive a flower or wreath as a mark of her favor. Here follow some of the poems which have seemed to possess merit.

SPRING

The May Queen sits on her throne.
She is glad that the spring has come.
May Queen, listen to our story:
The sun shines bright in the spring.
The sky is blue,
The warm winds blow.
The snow goes away.
The rain comes down softly.
All the trees and flowers come back to life.
The May flowers bloom.

The trees have buds.
The grass is green
The butterflies are flying.
The robins sing:
They build their nests.
The blue birds come back.
Ants build their houses.
Bees suck honey out of the flowers.
Hornets build their nests.
And the sun looks down on happy children.

The First Grade Children

This morning a robin awoke me
With his song, so bright and clear,
And while I was listening to him,
I knew that spring was here.

Ursula K., Second Grade

(This poem was set to music.)

Oh lovely mountain,
With winter at your head,
Springtime at your waist,
And summer at your feet—
Oh lovely mountain.

Harrington P., Fourth Grade

I saw the prettiest sight
From my window on a train—
I saw the fruit trees all in bloom,
And yellow daffodils,
The weeping willows all in bud,
That look like pepper trees.
The sun was setting in the west.
Beyond the pinkish hills,
A little, trickling brook there was,
A-going in and out.

Herbert S., Fourth Grade

POEM

Straight and tall the poplars grow
Even to my window high.
Stretching from the earth below
Every branch desires the sky.

Roger S., Fourth Grade

SCILLA

A carpet of blue
Mixed in with green,
The yellow green
Of tulip sprouts—
Among the scilla
And tulip sprouts
I could not see
The dark brown earth.
The fairy's ballroom
Could not be
More beautiful than that.

Jane T., Fourth Grade

DANDELIONS

See, the glowing sunshine
Turns dandelions gold.
They are fairy platters
In the grass so green.

Margery H., Fourth Grade

A GARDEN

I have seen a garden in full bloom,
With solid grass around the beds of
yellow, blue, and red.
The flowers' heads were bobbing there.
A breeze ran round about.

Jane B., Fourth Grade

THE BLUET

The bluet stands all day
Bathing in the sun,
Watching the tall grass waves
And the trees bowing down to them.

Jerome W., Fifth Grade

I

The golden sunlight filled the room,
The golden sun of May,
Carrying the breath of Spring
To all that sleeping lay.

II

To purple violets slumbering
In a china bowl
A message from a distant wood
From brothers on a knoll.

III

A message of good cheer it brought,
Of love and hope and May,
To cheer imprisoned violets
That sweetly sleeping lay.

Marjorie S., Eighth Grade

In the spring, in my heart
I can hear river waters
Rushing and babbling, to part
At some stone in the flow.
I can see green moss clinging
And ferns bending over,
And the snake grass spring
In slow, shallow places.
The yellow water lily
Is blossoming once more
And the mud-turtle wakens
And scrambles to shore.

Janet B., Eighth Grade

The wheel of time steadily winds,
Turning the mill of all living things,
Each spoke a season, changing our world:
The warm summer's weather, the falling leaves,
The snow and ice, and a sun to rise
On a wonderful season, ever new and inspiring
To all peoples in the cycles of time gone by.
Each time the great wheel rounds to spring,
New hopes and joys are born in the hearts of those that live.
The tree senses it, loosens its crust-like bark,
Releasing new buds from their sheltering prison.
The bird feels it, building his nest
And singing his Springtime song.
The beast knows it, seeking fresh pastures of new grass.
And man senses it, feels it, and knows it
In his soul.

Betty H., High School

A CITY SPRING

Morning—
The air no longer a stinging lash
That cuts one's face,
But warm and drowsy.
Things wake from their night's sleep
And with half open eyes
Turn their heads to the warm sun.

Sunset—
Enchanted air,
Low descending sun, now a crimson ball,
Now flaming in a thousand colors
Filling all the sky,
Now fading slowly, softly,
Behind tall buildings and newly budded trees,
Now gone. The night is born
In soft gray;
Now it deepens, and the stars appear.
The city sleeps.

Romola S., High School

I wish I was a cloud
With the bright sun on my crumpled white hair
And my face down toward the green earth,
To loll and roll lazily in the cool blue,
And stretch my lacy body in the comfortable universe.

Allan B., High School

III

The school publishes an annual, "The Record," to record the experiences of the entire school each year. An editorial staff composed of the older children "makes" the book—no small experience in creation—but every grade contributes at least a page. There is a "literary section" representing the efforts of children of all ages. There are opportunities for the publication of much miscellaneous material. English teachers allow many of these contributions to be handed in to English classes for criticism; and of course some of the more "literary" attempts were made primarily for their own sake, and the result handed to the Record staff only on second thought. But in the main the Record furnished the motive for writing what follows.

The Fourth Grade Pages in One Year's Record

A GREEK SCHOOL

Ariston, sitting on one of the stone benches that lined the walls of the school room, saw in the courtyard the bronze tip of Athene's helmet. The fragrance of the oleanders and roses, and the beauty of the palms shading the white marble columns, seemed to guide his stylus, as he wrote on his waxed tablet these prayers:

TO ATHENE

O, Athene, Goddess of the golden shield,
And Goddess of Wisdom, hear me.
Give me power to fulfill what I have undertaken.
Guide my steps, that I may come back to all my friends.
If ever I have done anything to honor thy name,
Fulfill my wish.
Let me do all I can to help my country.
May you guide my steps back to safety.

ACHILLES' PRAYER TO ZEUS

O, great Zeus, Lord of the Thunderbolt,
Cloud-gatherer, Father of Apollo,
Brother of earth-shaking Poseidon,
Son of Cronus,
O, thou mighty one, give ear and hearken to my prayer.
Thou, who art father of men and gods,
Thou eatest ambrosia and drinkest of nectar.
I have built temples to uphold thy righteous name.
I have burnt fat cattle to thee in sacrifices.
If all this hath pleased thee,
Fulfill my desire.
Save Patroclus from all harm and danger,
And send him back to me crowned with victory.

CHRYSES' PRAYER TO APOLLO

O, Apollo, Lord of the Silver Bow,
God of the Sun, and son of Zeus,
Loved by your friends and feared by your enemies,
Thou who are counted among the greatest of the Immortals, hear me.
I have built temples for thee to rest in.
I have burnt sacrifices to make thee strong.
I pray thee to grant that my former offerings please thee,
So thou canst hearken to this, my earnest prayer.
Let thy terrible arrows come upon the Greeks who took my daughter.
Let them suffer as I suffer, for dear Chryses.

The gong sounded, and the boys filed out to the gymnasium. They divided into groups. Some boys were jumping, others throwing the discus and spear; still others were wrestling and boxing.

So busy was Ariston, playing the lyre and putting his prayers to music, that he heeded not the gong and forgot his companions, until the master entered. "Ariston," he called, "Why art thou not with thy companions in the gymnasium? Go thou quickly and exercise thy legs on the running track."

At the end of the hour, the boys ran shouting and laughing into the court, eager for lunch, after their strenuous exercise. As he munched the cooling purple grapes, Ariston breathed a prayer to Dionysos.

HYMN TO DIONYSOS

Dionysos, Dionysos, all praise to thee,
  Your fruits and vineyards we all do see.
Rocked in a corner of the sky,
  You as a youth did lie.
Hail! Hail! to thee, Dionysos.

Zeus, your father, mighty and strong,
  Gave unto Hermes you, a lover of song.
To Mount Nysa he bade him fly,
  There you were sheltered in a cave near by.
Fair-haired nymphs for you did care,
  Silenos and Satyrs each had a share.
Out into the world you finally strayed,
  To teach all people the things you made.

Lesson followed lesson—counting, reciting, modeling, painting, chanting ended the day's work. Ariston hurried to meet his father, who was waiting in the court for him, very thankful that he had escaped that day having his knuckles thumped.

A pool of water, in the city's streets at night,
Bathed and stilled, in the moon's soft, silvery light—
Opaque and muddy through the long work-a-day,
Now clear and shining, with the fairies at play—

Shallow and ugly, sun glaring bright,
Transformed, deep and beautiful, by the magic of night.
The beams glance and glimmer on the surface at will.
The pool rests in glory, peaceful and still.

Then Lord, we, thy children, do ask thee this boon:
Reveal more of thy wonders, as the pool and the moon.

Barrett C., High School

ON BEING AN UNCLE TO A NEPHEW

I was visiting my six-months-old nephew, and after two days of said visit I became fully convinced that uncles are more to be pitied than envied. I did not feel any pride in the realization that I was gazing upon the first human being who would have to prefix a title to my name whenever he addressed me. Neither was my hair beginning to turn gray, nor were my shoulders beginning to sag, because of the grave and weighty responsibility that had been thrust upon me when the creature first saw the light of day.

When I first met the youngster the usual form of introduction was dispensed with, owing to mutual agreement of all concerned, the reasons being that the child was not quite old enough to acknowledge my salutation according to the proper method stated in the book of etiquette, and that he might break out with some uncalled-for remark to the effect that I greatly resembled the picture of the cow on the wall. What the kid was actually thinking about I cannot say. Perhaps he and I were both thinking of the same thing: when was the next meal to be announced?

My first impression of the child was that he must grow a beard as quickly as possible on the top of his head, as he could never be a handsome bald man, owing to the irregular shape and rough topography of the upper section of his skull. My next thought was that he resembled a Chinaman. However, when his grandfather asked me if the little fellow didn't look like him, I politely said he did, and added that I thought the kid possessed an extremely homely mouth. I learned later that the mouth shaped like his is termed a Cupid's bow.

I drew the wrath of the mother when I innocently said that I thought the baby had hair and teeth like his mother. I had forgotten that the baby was still but six months old.

The only person with whom I could frankly discuss the little fellow was the kid himself. When I would start to tell him about the noble things I had done as a child, my young nephew would probably applaud

my actions by falling asleep. Then, in order to relieve my feeling of hurt indignation, his mother would rush in and explain that he was tired, since he had had no sleep for nearly an hour. When I tried to amuse him, he began to cry. Once, however, I did manage to snatch some smiles from him, and asked him if he didn't think I would make a good comedian. Seeming to comprehend my question in the same manner that a dog does, he answered it by repeatedly poking my nose. I sternly told the youngster that if he were my size, I should challenge him to combat for such an insult.

There was one thing about my visit that restored my faith in human nature, and convinced me that the younger generation were not actually going to the dogs, but were instead really following in the footsteps of their elders. This thought was brought forth after viewing the infant's bath and noticing the great aversion the kid had for soap and water externally applied. I came away with a happy feeling that, after all, the boy was a chip off the old block on his uncle's side.

Jack C., High School

APRIL

April, lovely child in soft, wet rags,
With tears glist'ning on thy tender cheek,
And eyes like calm, still pools,
Fringed about
With dark, dew-spangled lashes,
Whence cometh thou, thou winsome wench,
Now throwing apple blossoms to the wind,
And now
Stopping to weep, within a soft, deep cloud.

Jean Mac G., High School

PINES

Tall, stately guardians of many secrets,
Ever wont to sigh, as if the secrets
You held were of great and burdensome nature,
Oh, my soothing friends of years gone by,
What is this secret?

William M., High School

THE APPLE TREE

The apple tree in blossom
Is like a fluffy, powdered courtier
Of olden time,
Bowing low before his dainty lady,
The rustling of whose skirts
Flutters the soft petals
He so gracefully has sprinkled in her path.

Letitia V., High School

STORM

It is calm, but ominous clouds pass overhead.
Not a leaf stirs nor a blade of grass moves.
Then, like a lightning flash,
The storm is upon us.
The wind whistles by,
Heedless of the trees
As they rock to and fro in bended submission.
The heavens open, and the rain
Pours down upon us without mercy,
Till the earth, restless under the lash
Of the torrents, swallows them up,
And laughs in triumph as the storm lifts.

Bernard W., High School

A WAVE

She rushed toward the shore,
Pushing aside the insistent waters
As they followed close at her heels.
She tossed her head back laughing,
Sprang over the waters as they crushed her,
Burst into a fountain of rainbow colors,
Then, snatched back by the angry foams,
Was swallowed by the inexorable sea.

Anna P., High School

IV

The "Weekly" is really a news sheet, but it runs as filler short compositions of various kinds, and it publishes annually or semi-annually a literary pamphlet called "The Barnacle." Children throughout the school write for these publications.*

A WINTER SCENE, JANUARY 16

The room was cold with the winter wind. Frost covered the windows in beautiful designs of mountains, pine trees, and forests. Outside, heavy snow covered up the sleeping grass. The trees were white against the cold winter sky. Small snow flakes, soft and white, flittered through the frosty air. Not a thing moved. All were asleep.

The snow was ever falling. Covering up the city dirt. No black smoke came from the lonesome chimneys that stood up like some big masts against the white, snow-covered city. Even the speeding automobiles slowed down. Everything was covered with the wonderful blanket of snow.

Frances S., Fifth Grade

*A recent editor conceived and executed the plan of writing the history of the Weekly, and the school published his account in pamphlet form. It can be had upon application at 15 cents a copy.

CHICAGO

I

The sun set behind a bluff as Manake slowly paddled down the shores of the big lake. Approaching a small stream he stopped; then as if reassured he turned his canoe into the stream and continued paddling. On either side of the river was a marsh scarcely higher than the stream itself. Now and then his canoe scraped against the mud bottom or struck against a stump. Suddenly Manake stopped. "Chaque," he muttered, and put his hand to his nose. Then turning his birch canoe he quickly returned to the mouth of the river and continued his way along the shores of the big lake until he should find a more suitable and pleasant camping ground.

II

Early in the nineteenth century a schooner entered the small river that poured its lazy waters into a big lake. It was carrying provisions and arms for the little Indian trading post. Slowly and carefully the vessel crept upstream. Along the sides were small craft—ferries and fishermen's boats. On the banks, too, were hundreds of Indians, grunting in surprise and pleasure as the big canoe with white wings came to anchor. On the left bank, some five or six hundred feet away, was a neat log cabin in front of which a white man was working, surrounded by a dozen or more Indians. He was the first of his race who had ever settled here. He was known as the Indians' friend and helper.

III

Hundreds of automobiles are whirling across the great bridge. On the right and left, tower skyward two huge, illuminated buildings and beside them two skeletons of buildings as gigantic as themselves. There is a roar of industry and traffic—shouts of truckmen—chugging of motors—clatter of elevated—rattle of street cars—roaring of overhead trains—shrieks of whistles. Throngs of people stream through the street. The air is thick with a smoky fog. Lights gleam everywhere. The river moves silently—away from the lake.

John McF., High School

A WET NIGHT

The street lamps, foggy with rain and the observer's blurred vision, flutter; the water slaps the sidewalk steadily; the thunder booms and rattles overhead; a train whistle raises its long, mournful hoot in the distance. The taxi chains rattle on the slippery asphalt, and the autos swish as they run down the street. Now and then a flash of lightning shoots a glare over the scene. The streets are almost empty and the lights few. It is a wet night, the night for a misanthrope or a dreamer.

Across the way is a big hotel. It has a glass and metal canopy over the door, with many sparkling little lamps dotting its edge. The big negro in the blue uniform stands out against the background, for the glass door of the place permits the passage of much of the interior brilliancy. The whole building is pointed with lights. People come out of it, stand for a minute, and are swallowed up and swished away in taxicabs. The doorman's whistle pricks the stillness, auto engines groan, tonneau doors slam, voices, the hard ones of those accustomed to metal and darkness, boom out on the dank air. Then the blanket settles down again, unruffled by the little flurry beneath it, to be disturbed again by the repetition of the sounds, the hoot of the train whistle, and the profanity of the cabby as his engine stalls.

We pass down the side street away from the hotel. At regular intervals the street lamps glow, golden blurs on a dark gray sea. Occasionally a light is seen in an apartment window. The rain drips steadily from broken troughs, falling with a splashing sound as it reaches the ground. A car gathering speed and spewing smoke lurches down the street. Night sits on the town like a huge, monstrous thing.

We pass on, hunched up, the rain beating in our face and dripping from our hat brim. A pipe, long since out, hangs from our mouth. Our hands, dirty with the grime of the day's work, are stuffed in our overcoat pockets, one of them feebly protecting a folded newspaper. Our feet are wet with the splashings of myriads of rain drops and the water of many puddles.

At last, after passing a succession of deadeningly similar apartment houses, we come to our little box. To the unitiated it would seem exactly like the rest, but to us it is different. This is a particularly important place. We live here.

We enter, press a button, push open a growling door, and go into a stuffy, heavily carpeted hall. We climb three flights of stairs and open a door. The smell of cooking meat, potatoes, and cabbage drives keenly into our nostrils. Ah, what a satisfying place is home! We may quarrel with the other inmates, we may hate to return to it, but it is there, immovable, always ready for us.

We remove our hat and coats, put on a pair of slippers, and fall into an easy chair to look through the paper. Scare headlines greet us. "War with Afghanistan Imminent!" says the streamer. Who cares? We are in a soft chair in an indolent mood, with a good dinner presently to confront us. Taxis may rattle, train whistles hoot, war with Afghanistan imperil the peace of the world, but we are comfortable, our soul at peace with the universe. We sink back into our chair, luxuriating in indolence and contentment. Let the old world roar on. We are at home!

Leonard B., High School

V

Last, though so very far from least, we print a miscellaneous group of compositions. Some of these were the unrequired efforts of children, brought to the teacher at odd times—as surprises by little children; often without comment but usually with a request for criticism by the older ones. Other contributions were made at times when a task had been assigned to write whatever each person most wished to write. This kind of assignment is usually accompanied by a definite alternative to fall back on in case one has no ideas. A few pieces of prose here cited were interesting applications of fairly definite assignments, although in general we try not to compel all the members of a group of children to write on the same subject at the same time, it is so seldom that they can have simultaneously the same emotional or intellectual material for expression. Such efforts as most of these things represent were made chiefly as a result of the certainty of finding a sympathetic eye or ear—or several of them.

Little flowers, how-do-you-do?
How long are you going to stay?
Through all the silent day?

Mary Jane, First Grade

THE WAVES

The waves dashed on the rocks so high
They almost reached the sky.

A BEE

One day I saw a bumblebee in the air,
He flew up to me and pounded upon my hair.

WHAT THE LETTER "A" SAID TO ME

The letter "A" said to me,
Oh, won't you tumble over "D" or "G"?

Alice M., First Grade

THE SNOW

The clouds sail the sky
When we are skating, you and I.
The houses look so pretty, covered with snow—
All the houses, the high and the low.

Rosemary K., First Grade

The waves come rushing in
And make a song as they come.
Foam comes with them
And leaves a wetness on the shore.
They wear their white caps
And little blue coats.
They shine in the sunlight like diamonds.
The waves bring in shells
And make holes in the sand.

Second Grade

THE SNOW

The snow is white,
To my delight.
And when the sun
Shines on it bright
It looks like silvery fairy light.

Ursula, Second Grade

WINTER

In winter I can use my sled—
I go bumpity, bumpity, bump, down the hill.
Up I climb to the top again.
Down I go bumpity, bumpity, bump.

Second Grade

Between the dark blue mountains,
Beneath the tall green pines,
There's where the bright sun shines
When it first rises.
When the night comes, then the moon-shadows
Darken the mountains.

Charlotte C., Second Grade

THE FAVORITE HEN

Once upon a time there was a hen. She wanted some baby chicks, so she laid four eggs in four days. She sat on them all the time except when she ate. One day the eggs cracked open, and out came four little chicks. Now she was very happy. When the farmer girl came out, she was very pleased, and so was everybody.

This hen laid an egg every day and was helpful all her life. And all the other hens liked her, because she always let them eat first and she ate what was left.

One day she laid a half of an egg, and she hatched this egg, and out came a half chick. Now this chick grew like her mother and got a full body, and when the mother died this chick took her place and was just as good and helpful as her mother was.

Alice M., Second Grade

SNOWFLAKES

Ho, you little snowflakes,
Flying in the air,
How you come a-tumbling
Down so fair.

Alice M., Second Grade

AN EVENING IN THE WOODS

The moon had thrown
Its silver glow
Over the pines
That were whispering low.

The fairies had formed
A magic circle
Around the great oak.
Then the insects awoke.

The Queen was wearing
A lovely gown,
And a little page
Was carrying her crown.

The cricket was
Fiddling a tune
To a new dance
Called "The Moon."

The fairies were
Swaying gracefully
Under the branches
Of the great oak tree.

Dorothy K., Fifth Grade

POOR ME

Di dul de dum,
I hurt my thumb.
How did I hurt my thumb?
Di dul de dum,
I started to run
To tell someone
I hurt my thumb.
I said
Poor me! Poor me!
Di dul de dum.

Bob McK., Fifth Grade

CANAL

When the boats come from harbor to harbor,
And the children yell at us to stop and give them a ride,
And the sea gulls swoop down at us,
I think it is like a dream.

Melville R., Fifth Grade.

MUSIC

I heard a noise from far away off,
I listened once, I listened twice, I listened once again.
I watched with curious eyes,
When off in the distance
I could see a bright light.
'Twas music coming toward me.
I looked again. Said I, "It must have wings."
So now I know how music comes,
It has wings and a bright light to see where it should go.

Frances H., Fifth Grade

A lighthouse at night
Is like a cat's eyes
Gleaming from a dark corner.

Gordon B., Sixth Grade

A wave comes,
Like a prancing horse,
Quivers a moment as though undecided,
Then falls back.

John C., Sixth Grade

The fog comes over the land,
Like a lovely great gray cat
Stealing into a room.

Ruth N., Sixth Grade

A poem reminds me of the flying of a bird
As it flutters through the blue sky.

Gordon MacC., Sixth Grade

Taking off his ragged cap, the smiling Italian made a low bow, picked up the coins, and placed them in the pocket of his baggy trousers. Then gently picking up his tiny monkey he patted him on the head and went away, his bright red necktie flapping in the wind. All the children trooped after him.

Ruth L., Sixth Grade

THE NORTHLAND

A whistle shrill across the plain,
The call of a shivering blast,
The wind-torn snow in whirling clouds,
Bounding and leaping fast,
The ice floes' seething cataract,
The maddened, rushing stream,
And the loveliness intensified
By a wolf's starvation scream.
To some it is only the cold and the dearth
That appear in this land of the snow,
But to me the land is warmed by love
Of the wind's sharp, cutting blow.
I've spent year on year in the Frozen North,
With the crystal snow 'neath my feet,
And my face all skinned by the driving wind,
And by the swirling sleet,
But I love it all, the wind and the storm
And the ice in the foaming stream,
And, most of all, I am thrilled to the core
By a wolf's starvation scream.

Kay C., Eighth Grade

MY EXPERIENCE

It was dawn.
I walked barefoot through the grass.
The cool dew freshened me,
The breeze beckoned me,
I looked around.
I knew my world was well.

Bernice R., Eighth Grade

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

Browni didn't like Tabby for several reasons. The first was because of her color. Tabby was a nondescript cat. She had a general gray color with frequent bars of black, and her eyes were a little too green for Browni's comfort. So for general reasons Browni rather avoided her, of course not admitting that it was the green eyes that repelled him, but thinking, rather that the odors of long unemptied ash bins and those of juicy garbage cans had insinuated themselves into the cat's fur and nauseated his aristocratic young collie nose.

It was seldom that the young noble-dog ventured back into the alley region, for he was a member of the "Boulevard Athletic Club," along with "Pep" the Scotch terrier and "Shep" the police dog. Indeed, the experience now in progress took place during his second venturesome visit into the great unknown, in his short four-score days of life.

Browni trotted down the street nonchalantly, the ear with the white tip held pertly in the air, while the other drooped and flopped in the rather collegiate style he had seen older dogs use. Browni was pleased with himself—one could see it at a glance from his queer side trot and from the triumphant angle of his tail. He had just succeeded in chasing a big black beetle into his hole, and the dog felt the better for it.

Browni rounded the corner of a red brick house, when whom should he spy in the middle of the walk but Tabby. With a startled "woof," he stopped in his tracks. The green eyes glared at him out of the darkness of a hot, smelly summer night. Browni stood and looked, and Tabby stood and looked. Slowly, inch by inch, the dog's tail sank, and the conspicuous white spot crept closer down toward the rest of his head. While the dog's tail disappeared the cat's was raised higher and higher until it pointed straight up, and the standard of war fluttered at the end of it. Then Tabby's back began to curve. This had always been a frightful sight to Browni, and it pained him so that it brought back a bit of his courage. "R-r-r-r-woof," he managed to hear himself threat. "S-s-s-s," was Tabby's reply. The sounds fetched back the dog's courage, and he was immediately possessed by the demon Curiosity. Up went his tail, up went both ears, and his paws fairly danced in their eagerness. "Wuf," he challenged, "wuf" again, and yet another "wuf." By this time he was dancing around the cat in full mastery of his playful little body, and emitting sharp, high-pitched "wufs" at various intervals.

Suddenly, without any warning, the cat gave a loud "hiss-s-s pft," and darted off in the direction of Hilger's ash bin. The poor pup fled in holy terror, his tail held tight between his short baby legs. His ears he allowed to flutter where they would, and his nose was pointed on the home trail.

Not hearing anyone in pursuit, he slackened his wobbly gallop and looked cautiously behind him. To his utter amazement he saw Tabby jump into the ash bin with a green water-melon rind for her kittens, and not give a snap of her paw for the fleeing canine. This rather touched Browni's vanity, but he decided to make the best of it. "After all," he thought, "the kind of a cat who would do a thing like that is not the sort of a cat I wish to associate with."

With a happy wiggle of his tail and a happy nod of his head, he turned onto the boulevard where he met his more respectable friends.

Alice H., High School

SING, CHILDREN, SING

Sing, children, sing!
Sing of the Child
Born in a manger
Lowly and mild.

Shepherds and kings
Came from afar
Seeking the Saviour,
Led by the star.

Jesus is born,
Saviour and King.
Lift up your voices,
Sing, children, sing!

Catherine D., High School

Thunder rolled, crashed, and went muttering off through the heavens of a world fifty thousand years younger than at the present time. The western horizon was suffused with a fast approaching bank of storm clouds, which, reaching forth with inky fingers, blotted out the dying efforts of a sickly sun.

Far below, upon this sphere of ours, stumbling across a rocky plain towards a protecting group of trees, appears that which upon first perception one would have undoubtedly mistaken for a huge ape possessed of the very essence of fear.

His arms are raised above him in a clumsy, shielding gesture. From half distended jaws are emitted low grunts, gutteral groans, and sharp screams of evident distress.

The protecting boughs of the first tree of the group are near. He speeds forward.

Suddenly, from the very heart of the enveloping blanket of clouds, leaps a great, jagged beam of lightning. It rifts the heavens, plays along the edge of the clouds, and then, shooting downward, splits the outstanding tree, turning it into a blazing torch.

With a fearful cry, the creature flinches, recoils, and starts back, only to be halted by another beam slipping from the very edge of the storm-banks and reducing a cliff-like rock to flakelike splinters.

He ceases to cry, totters a moment, and then falls to the earth. Within him a great struggle is going on. He wishes to thank a Power for his deliverance, and to request its aid in the calming of the distraught elements, a Power which he feels exists, and yet about whom no clear thoughts are as yet entertained, a Power instilled into his cosmos through fear, danger, and the ultimate delivery from these when he was unable to deliver himself. Religion has come to mankind.

Barrett C., High School

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ATHENS

Like a heavy frost,
Which covers a pane of glass in midwinter,
The thick, white dirt
Lies over the entire city of Athens—
The luxurious city of the past,
Triumphant and at the acme of civilization
With its white marble Acropolis
Shining in the glaring sun,
Like mother of pearl jewel-boxes.
Far from the city of splendor and wealth
Is the Athens of today.
A city of ruins, of paupers, of beggars,
A city crushed as if some
Mighty being had trampled on it.
Desiring naught but to be let live,
Athens exists.

Janet L., High School

A BABY IN THE CASE

The man sighed, barely audibly. He was not an imposing looking figure, and no one in the car turned about to notice him. He was of medium stature, with an habitual expression of inquiry on his thin, pale face. The scanty hairs on his head were pale yellow, and pale blue the eyes that looked questioningly from behind heavy-rimmed glasses. His clothes didn't seem to fit him, for his thin, bony wrists and large hands protruded awkwardly far below sleeves which were made much too short for him. His collar was limp, and the black tie was twisted, faded, and desolate looking. Everything about him was pale and insignificant. He sat in the speeding car with an infant beside him. She was wrapped in a dirty woolen blanket. He looked at the child often, and with much anxiety, to see if everything was well with her, and then he stared ahead with a bewildered look in his watery eyes.

Outside, the wind whistled, and the dark clouds hurried overhead. The incessant splash of summer rain against the car window comforted him. The train swayed, banged, and the passengers groaned with the heat and the oppressive, downheartening humidity. Many tried to sleep in cramped, distorted positions.

Across the aisle a mother lay half asleep with a dirty, smeary child flung across her knee. The child whimpered, and the mother sighed. The other passengers were all men, men with dirt-stained clothes, grimy hands, dusty shoes, and dripping faces. A large, heavy-featured Swede slumped in his seat, removed his thick, spattered shoes, and exposed his

torn red socks. The mother sniffed disgustedly, and attempted to sleep. A burly laborer snored. Bundles, unfinished sandwiches, cups, and broken boxes littered the seats. The man with the baby-blue eyes sighed again, and looked out through the spattered window.

Beyond the wire fences were wild flowers, purple, gold, white, and blue; fields of oats, wheat, and clover made the land look like a huge patchwork quilt. The man, John Smith as he was called, smiled a pale smile. For this little beauty he was profoundly grateful. He looked down upon the mite of humanity near him, and the smile faded from his lips.

"Honey, are you all right?" he whispered.

The babe gurgled, and John Smith was aware of her big, blue eyes, small turned-up nose, and rosy lips. She was a pretty little girlie, and just nine months old. So clever, too. Smith looked out of the window again. The train passed through a tiny village, and Smith noticed the small houses, the roads like white ribbons, the church spire, and the General Store with the town loiterers dozing on the benches in front of it, and, beyond, the long beckoning, swaying, waves of ripening grain. From his pocket John Smith took out a battered ham sandwich, and began munching it. The crumbs dropped upon the red plush, and he brushed them off rapidly, and anxiously hoped that no one had seen them. Finally, after much debate with himself, he concluded that the baby must have water. He got up slowly, and stumbled down the aisle. He lurched against the resting Swede.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," stammered Smith, trembling. "Sir, I hope I haven't hurt you."

The Swede stretched, but said nothing, and Smith went on. When he reached the water cooler, he filled his little tin cup and started on his long trip back. The water dripped in the aisle, and as the train went over a large bump, the last contents of the cup were spilled on the dozing Swede's feet. More painful embarrassment, more unanswered apologies, and back to the water cooler again.

At the next station a young couple boarded the train. The "flapper" wife sat down behind Smith. She took out a "Motion Picture Magazine," and began chewing her wad of gum violently. She called out in a shrill, raucous voice for a porter, and, as no one came, she flung her cheap felt hat and thin, scrawny fur piece across the aisle. The hat missed the seat, and Smith got up and quietly replaced it on the seat for the owner. He looked at her, and secretly wished that she would ask to see the babe. He wanted to inform everyone that the pretty little baby belonged to him, and then he stared ahead with a stunned look.

The girl's husband returned, and sat down beside her, resting his thick oxfords on their battered satchel, one strap of which was broken.

"You and your darn magazines. Ain't you got no intellect? Do you haf'ta read such trash? Do you ever see me doing it?" And with that the irate husband took out "Robbing the Midnight Stage."

Near Smith sat a crusty Western magnate with hot, dirty, perspiring hands. His collar was off, and his tie removed. He fussed and fumed. The rain irritated him. He walked up and down incessantly like a caged tiger. He stumbled over many feet, but he apologized to no one.

Outside, the distant lights of the small villages looked like so many stars. Shadows were falling on the green and gold fields as twilight descended. Night-fall had cooled the atmosphere only a little. The rain had stopped, however, and the moon had begun to rise over a clump of dark trees.

The tired mother removed the pins from her hair, and shook out the heavy folds. The mop of hair was so hot, however, that she twisted it in a tight knot on top of her head. She opened her satchel, and took out a fresh box of Graham crackers.

"Eat them," she said abruptly to the drowsy child, "you'll be hungry by morning."

"I wanna go in the diner. I do! I ain't ever seen a diner what has such pretty ladies and men what look like my daddy. Ma, lemme go, please," pleaded the child.

Doubtless that piteous cry went right to the mother's heart, and Smith turned to the window with a sigh.

"All I have, Baby, I'd give you, but I haven't got enough to let you eat in the diner," replied the woman. "You must eat the crackers. They're good for little girls, and you won't get a tummy ache from them. Why, if you went in the diner you might get such a pain from eating too much. You never can tell. Then, then I'd have to give you castor oil," responded the mother in a quavering voice.

The child, with the knowledge that comes with long years of denial, turned to the window, and winked back the tears that would come. Hours passed, and soon the travellers began making preparations for the night. The "flapper" brushed the banana peelings off the seat, and put her dirty satchel under her head. Then as if suddenly remembering something, she sat up, and smeared some cold cream on her face, combed her wavy hair with an ivory pocket comb, and again composed herself for sleep. Her husband removed his coat, rolled it up in a ball, put it under his head, and stretched himself out with a grunt. The Westerner put his head against a window sill and his feet in the aisle, and began snoring.

Smith sat nearer to the window, and looked out pensively. The moon which had been shining wanly a few moments previous, was now completely covered by a large, black, fleecy cloud. He could not but compare it with his own life. It had not been a bright or even joyous one, but it had had many moments of exquisite happiness. Even these were gone, shadowed, just like the pale moon, with the cloud of disaster. To feel sorry for himself never entered his mind, but for the young innocent soul, who would not know the world or its ways for many years,

it was an entirely different matter. He sighed heavily. There seemed to be a great weight tugging at his heart.

"The poor baby girl. What will she do? What will happen to her? Oh, God, that it had never happened," he cried in his heart.

He put his thin hand to his forehead as if to brush away the agonizing thoughts. He rested his head in his hands. He started up as an infant's piercing wail broke the silence.

"Ssh, Baby, daddy is right here. He's right beside you, and he'll not let anything bother you. Go back to sleep now, and daddy will hold you in his arms," whispered Smith.

He took the child in his arms. He frowned anxiously. He wondered with a start if she were ill, if anything hurt her.

"What's the matter? Tell daddy. Does anything hurt you? Ssh!" implored Smith.

Whatever might have been wrong, the nine months old baby was unable to state it to her worried father. The cry gathered strength. The last scream aroused the mother across the aisle, and she raised herself upon her elbow.

"What a wonderful nurse you make! Keep the kid quiet. You're not the only person on this car. There are others, and we want to sleep. Get me?" said she cuttingly.

"Oh! I am so sorry. Indeed I wish Baby would stop. I fear something is wrong, and thank you for saying I'm a good nurse. I suppose I am a little clumsy, but I do try awfully hard," replied Smith in a sad voice.

Another yell from the screaming infant aroused the Westerner and the Swede. For three long, wearisome days they had travelled and journeyed in dirt, in grime, in noise, and in heat. Then, after much effort, they had fallen asleep. They lay in cramped, distorted positions, but when they lost consciousness they forgot all their misery in refreshing slumber. The day's rain had cooled the atmosphere, and for the first time they had actually slept. To be aroused from their comforting rest was too much for these tired men to endure.

"Take the brat to its mother. She's the proper nurse. Where is she? I suppose she's sleeping soundly somewhere without this yelling kid. By God! Clear out of here or I'll ————," thundered the Westerner.

His eyes were bloodshot, and he waved his arms in a frenzy. He rose unsteadily, and lunged at the terrified man with the little blue bundle in his arms. For a minute Smith was petrified with terror. His pale face grew paler, his throat went dry, his heart beat maddeningly, his eyes dilated. Suddenly, however, his face regained its normal color, and as if strengthened from some unseen source, he looked at the gesticulating man with a glance full of sorrow, but with no sign of fear.

"You are right, my friend, my wife is sleeping." He swayed, and his voice broke. "And she is sleeping quietly. She sleeps with no disturb-

ance, it is true, for she sleeps in the arms of the Almighty. She lies in her coffin two cars ahead."

Smith sank back on the seat with his head buried in his hands. The baby whimpered. Perhaps she understood. A silence fell upon the angry passengers. The Westerner closed his eyes, and he thought of the little mound of sand in the desert. Ten years ago he, too, had laid his Annabelle to rest. The mother looked at her baby, and, with a start, wondered what would happen to the child if she was ever to pass on. The flapper and her husband thought of their childless home with a new rush of feeling. The Westerner was the first to speak. The anger died in his piercing, black eyes, and his gruff voice grew mild:

"Go, my friend, sit with her. I understand," and he held out his arms for the little bundle.

At those two words, "I understand," grateful tears sprang into Smith's eyes, and he gave the child to the crusty Westerner.

"God bless you," said Smith, and in a few rapid steps he had left the car.

The Westerner stood silent for a moment. He then walked silently to his seat. The baby had grown quiet, and lay looking up at him with big, shining eyes. The flapper sat opposite, and amused the child, or at least tried to, with her cheap string of glass beads. Then the Swede held up his watch chain, and the mother her diamond engagement ring. The baby rewarded these efforts by falling asleep, and her entertainers went back to their seats silently, but with a strange, warm, indescribable feeling in their hearts.

Lucylle N., High School

SONNET TO ————

My thoughts at morn are always first of you,
All day your charming self I try to please,
The evening brings once more sweet reveries,
And in my dreams sweet fancies do I woo.
You first appeared to me to be quite cold,
But when an introduction to you got—
My blood did chill and then again ran hot;
While your thoughts, ————, seem perfectly controlled.
Fair maid, this unknown power do you hold,
And fate will bid you cast for me my lot:
There is an ocean which from sea is locked,
And none but you can e'er this dam unfold.
Pray! from your life all other rivers blot,
And never let this ocean 'gain be blocked!

Herbert K. H., High School

SONNET ON MATRIMONY

Some take one step and are at once dissolved,
While others tempt it twice or more, we find;
All wed for love, or leap from impulse blind,
And each one through his fortune comes involved.
The first is he on whom love takes its hold,
Who works like dog to have his train well-bred,
(Who for their thanks complain till strength is fled)
Then lives—to see a grandchild in his fold.
There's he who marries because others do,
Treading the prints of time without a thought;
He gets divorced!—a sour battle fought—
And wreaks revenge on all men in his view.
Thus every woman ruins man or more;
And still men fall—and fall—despite their lore.

Herbert K. H., High School

ON ENJOYMENTS

Our lives may roughly be divided into periods of pleasure, pain, and sheer boredom. We live for the former, and, somehow, through the others. Our lives would swiftly terminate if denied pleasure, and yet there is no form of distinct enjoyment that is not condemned roundly by those finding happiness in other pursuits. We look with scornful glare upon the gentle joys of head-hunting, opium-eating, and murder. Yet there are those who gain a genuine satisfaction, a sublime, thrilling ecstacy from such disreputable occupations.

It would seem, and so it does seem to many people, that pure ecstacy is reached only when its result will be harmful to the doer, or to other people. Drugs, prostitution, and countless vile practices are indulged in by persons who think that in them they find the greatest type of pure joy attainable.

But it is the saint that laughs pityingly at the sophisticated sinner. The thrill of knowing God, the overcoming of temptation, the joy of attaining heights, the satisfaction of goodliness, and the pride of character overshadow by far the vain pleasures of the hour. The capacity of the good man for pleasure is unlimited. Each day his cup runneth over.

But the sinner tires of his pursuits, or becomes the slave of his passion. In the former case he finds himself with no field open for further happiness. In the latter he is broken and destroyed. The former enjoyed too much—he has nothing to fulfill his desire now; the latter has his harvesting of pain.

The happiest man is usually a good man—that is, good in the wider sense. He may not subject himself to church, charity, or reform, but if he is not a rotter, if he abides by the laws of his country and his inherited faith, is honest and moderately prosperous, he is in a fair way to gain pleasures of many varieties.

This man is not the happiest man in the world, but he is the average man, and he can be greatly satisfied with his lot if he does not meet with serious misfortune. The happiest men in the world are the men of genius, or zealous in a certain honorable faith or order. Happy, more in the sense of really attaining the ecstacy that more ignorant people seek vainly in evil.

These men, regardless of their material possessions, find exaltation in the expression of their genius, or in pursuit of their faith. Their joy is a most supreme and delicate emotion. But we of lesser greatness are denied this. Yet we too feel our spirits soar when our honest work is praised, or when, with honest heart, we can congratulate ourselves.

In finding ourselves, at this youthful age, neither to be geniuses nor yet of ordinary mould (for we cannot admit the latter until our pride is squashed by life), and finding ourselves neither built for a strenuously evil life nor built for one of piety, our greatest concern is the one of discovering our particular road to happines.

Up to now we found pleasure in the same ways and manners. All children delight in movies, candy, and vacation. Our scope, however, has been widening. Books take the place of marbles; perhaps cigarettes will find a mouth here that teased for one more chocolate then. Athletics will be abandoned later, our girths will grow, our youths will soon be memories. What will be our enjoyments? It is now that we must build a capacity for pleasure.

If we are to enjoy travel to the utmost, now must we find the history and the significance of the places we shall cross. If art shall thrill us, now we must learn of its purpose, its past, and its exponents. If we find physical joys, our bodies now must grow strong and tall. Now let us form the vessel into which life shall pour her glory.

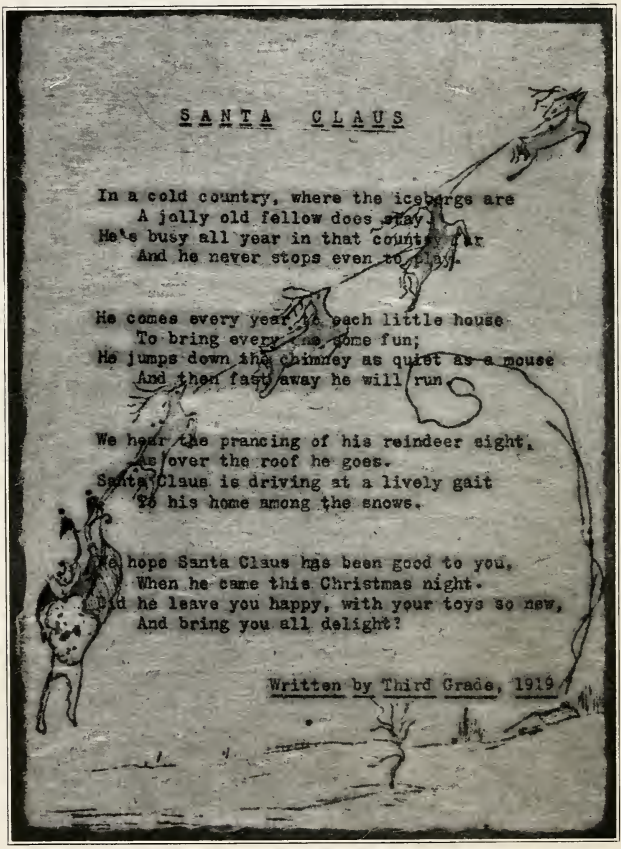
Allan B., High School

The older children, we have said, often ask for criticism. Of course, there must be criticism of a kind from the start. Technique, although subordinated, must be thoroughly taught. But children should not be asked to write for the sake of technique. Johnny will very likely enjoy trying to make you see and hear what he saw and heard that interested him. He will not be particularly eager to try to "write a vivid description," at least until his years shall have increased. On the other hand he is likely to be glad to be shown how to make what he has written more interesting or more true.

In conclusion it is safe to say two things about verbal expression, despite variance of opinion among teachers as to modes of approach and adult points-of-view. Perhaps both statements are truisms, but they are not always lived up to by the best of us.

If children are encouraged to write what they really feel, their expression will be happy and spontaneous.

If they write with a sense of freedom, much of what they write will be entertaining, and some of it will be beautiful indeed.



SANTA CLAUS

In a cold country, where the icebergs are
A jolly old fellow does stay.
He's busy all year in that country far
And he never stops even to play.

He comes every year to each little house
To bring every one some fun;
He jumps down the chimney as quiet as a mouse
And then fast away he will run.

We hear the prancing of his reindeer eight,
As over the roof he goes.
Santa Claus is driving at a lively gait
To his home among the snows.

We hope Santa Claus has been good to you,
When he came this Christmas night.
Did he leave you happy, with your toys so new,
And bring you all delight?

Written by Third Grade, 1919

A Christmas Card

CREATIVE EFFORT—MOTOR-MENTAL RHYTHMICS AS A PREPARATION

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Given freedom, children will create. This we say over and over. But there is one kind of bondage which most of us are powerless to destroy, namely, the slavery of physical inhibitions. The littlest children in our school go through the experiences described in the following article. Subtly creative in themselves, these experiences are most important for their major purpose: "The child is directly aided in gaining a sound body, a sound mind, and a sound emotional nature—the ability for expression free from self-consciousness."*

Rhythm is basic in all the arts—both the interpretative and the creative—and the earlier the child's rhythmic sense is developed the better will be his foundation for both appreciation of and participation in the arts.

Old dance forms such as folk dancing are imitative, for it is impossible for the child to have the same impulses that created those forms of expression, but if without direction he acts out "Jack and Jill" or "The North Wind Doth Blow," for example, with movements appropriate to the music and the words, he is interpreting those songs. If through movement he expresses his own mood in rhythmic form, he is being creative.

The creative expression can not safely be approached directly by the teacher, but the interpretative may. When the children enter the room for Motor-Mental Rhythmics their attention is on the music, as for example it may be music that suggests skipping or running or walking, or it may be slow, sustained music without strong accents which suggests movement of the same quality such as a slow relaxation of the body beginning with the back of the neck and going through the shoulders, lower part of the back, and then one leg and then the other until the child is folded on his knees. It is not necessary that this expression should be uniform, but it should be appropriate to the music. This in a simple way is interpretative.

In a broad way the purpose of Motor-Mental Rhythmics is the harmonious development of the body, the mind, and the emotions into a unity that makes for power and conscious control. Educators have realized the necessity for physical training as well as mental training, but the two things have had little or no relation, and the element of emotion as interrelated has been almost entirely ignored. The high power stimulus of modern life is making this lack of harmony in our development very pronounced; hence the large field for psycho-analysts and psychiatrists.

The average child, through either heredity or environment, has physical inhibition that can be overcome by relaxation and correlative movements which are at first spontaneous and later are brought under control of the mind. The body is like an instrument which is a satisfying means of expression when it is in tune and mechanically in order, and most unsatisfactory when it is not. With the instrument—the body—under physical and mental control, the expression of emotion becomes a natural, wholesome outlet. This is so fundamental that it is related to all the arts. Music, being more concretely related to movement, is used as a stimulus to expression.

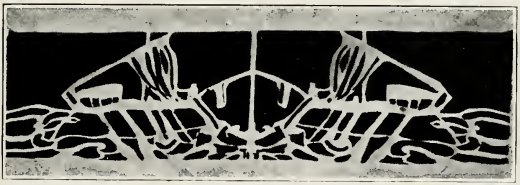
If children are to appreciate or produce music, they must first learn to live it, for rhythmic sensibility lies at the foundation of musical appreciation and execution, and is fundamental in all musical education. Motor-Mental Rhythmics aims to release and develop this organic expression of musical feeling, avoiding set forms and enforced precision, and encouraging free and individual expression. The child very early feels the relation of movement and rhythm and follows the music spontaneously through different music moods. Music that is within the child's musical experience is used, as the Mother Goose songs with the youngest children, and later the folk songs of different countries, and the simpler of the classics.

From the first the sense of pitch is developed by the elevation of the arms; first recognition of the different registers, and later the following of the simple melodies. At the same time, the ability to express notes of different duration by slow or rapid walking and running is gained, which combined with pitch, taken with the arms, gives an expression of melody and rhythm. Later the expression

of form is approached so simply and naturally that the child soon makes his own pattern for the compositions that have become so familiar that they are a part of his being.

After the child can hear and feel music and express it with his body, comes the time, and then only, for the symbols of music. In the Motor-Mental classes in the Francis W. Parker School, very little attention can be given to the teaching of music notation, for lack of time. Some attention is, however, given to the use of cards with notes of different values, with which the children arrange melodies, both original and those dictated by the piano. Charts with three octaves of the piano keyboard may be used; also large cards with the staff and notation of the melodies familiar to the children are used to train the eye, as well as the ear, to follow the line of the melody. The children are often given instruments of percussion—cymbals, drum, etc., and their instinct for making noise is released in a joyful, satisfying, and intelligent way.

Through this work the child is directly aided in gaining a sound body, a sound mind, and a sound emotional nature—the ability for expression free from self-consciousness.



Free-hand Drawing used as a Motif for Design. **(See p. 109)**

The Chariot of the Sun (Field Day Exercise)

CREATIVE EFFORT—IN DALCROZE EURYTHMICS

"But what shall this education be? Is any better than the old-fashioned sort which is comprehended under the name of music and gymnastic? . . . Music includes literature . . . And he who mingles music with gymnastic in the fairest proportion and best attempers them to the soul, may be rightly called the true musician and harmonist in a far higher sense than the tuner of the strings . . . And such a presiding genius will be always required in our State if the government is to last."—The Republic—Plato.

"Educationists should bear in mind that while rhythm plays a preponderant role in art, serving to unite all manifestations of beauty and animating them with the same throbbing life, it should constitute a no less important factor in general education, co-ordinating all the spiritual and corporal movements of the individual, and evolving in the latter a mental state in which the combined vibrations of desires and powers are associated in perfect harmony and balance. 'Only the soul can guide the body along the path the mind has traced for it'."—Rhythm, Music, and Education—Jaques-Dalcroze.

Greek life is the subject for fourth grade work. The children read from "Four Old Greeks" or from Palmer's translation of the "Odyssey." They model in clay such subjects as occur to them from their reading; they paint in the same way scenes of their own imagining, each individual choosing his own subject. These paintings are as a rule unusually good, with movement and animation strikingly in evidence. The art teacher of this grade gives the credit for this excellence in a large measure to the children's experience in Dalcroze Eurythmics, which affords them practical understanding of the movements they depict.

This is of course a fundamental requisite in any expressive work—a real feeling for rhythm or movement. An expert art

The End of the Hammer Throw

teacher will always suggest as the best aid to successful drawing the actual performance of the motion by the one who is drawing it —not just assuming the pose, if he is wise, but making the whole sequence of movements of which the pose is just one moment fixed in the memory. This expression of rhythm by means of bodily movement, which Dalcroze discovered was the most effectual approach to the study of music, is therefore seen to be fundamental to all the arts.

In order to understand this fourth grade work it will be necessary to consider the work done in the first three grades. The steps in the development of this rhythmic work may be sketchily outlined.

First comes interest in discovering a particular element in the music which is to be expressed by walking, running, skipping, clapping, in the same tempo as the music which is being improvized by the teacher. Accents are listened for in the same way, clapped when heard, and the weak beats thrown away. Listening

for the measure comes next, and when the children can hear whether the measure is two or three, they learn to beat time as an orchestra conductor does, and eventually learn all kinds of measures, beating with both arms or one.

Differences in the length of sound are heard by the child and illustrated by slow or fast steps for quarter, eighth, triplet, and sixteenth notes—by a step and one or more movements in place for the longer note values, such as half notes, dotted halves, and whole notes.

The many elements of music which a child may learn to hear and feel, expressing them in movement, can only be suggested in this enumeration, as the idea in this article is to remind the reader that music, coming from the dance originally, contains all the rhythms it is possible for a body to express. This variety sustains interest which the increasing ability to hear and express accurately develops into concentration and a much greater capacity for using the subconscious mental powers. The process of hearing, thinking,

The Fourth Movement of the Discus Throw

The Fourth Grade in a Greek Play

and acting thus initiated is the real basis of creative work, for it compels the activity of the mind and imagination as well as the body of each individual. Imitation alone can never awaken creative ability, in dancing as in the other arts.

Co-ordination of bodily movements, spontaneity of will, ability to inhibit and to economize effort, overcoming physical resistances to the rhythmic and smooth performance of bodily movements, are the results toward which all exercises are aimed. For a fuller explanation of the theory of eurythmics, the reader is urged to refer to "Music, Rhythm, and Education," by E. Jaques-Dalcroze—a collection of lectures by the great teacher and originator of Dalcroze Eurythmics.

So true it is that the best expression is obtained from children under the stimulus of interest and imagination that most rhythmic drills may be accomplished most effectually through imaginative games. Thus all feeling for different kinds of measure and note values is developed in the three primary grades through games which correlate with the children's other school work if possible.

The fourth grade children, prepared by their rhythmic experience in these grades, are keenly susceptible to music and accustomed to adapt their movements to the tempo, dynamics, and rhythms of music.

Dalcroze Eurythmics approaches as near Greek education, according to the expressed conviction of many educators, as can be conceived of in this age. (See the quotation from Plato at the beginning of this article.) A fourth grade child, reading in "Men of Old Greece," can get a very real visualization of the following:

The court was filled with boys at work. Some were throwing the disc. . . . The thrower held it in his right hand. He swung it back and forth to get a good movement. Then he threw it . . . Some

boys were jumping . . . Other boys were throwing spears at a mark . . . Some slaves sat in one corner, playing on trumpets and drums. In the court, boys were dancing to this war music. They were pretending to be warriors. They carried shields and swords. They moved forward and struck out with their swords. Then they leaped to one side and put up their shields . . . All this they did in time to the music, yet it looked almost like a real battle. It was hard work. The boys' bodies were dripping. Their eyes and cheeks glowed.—*Jennie Hall.*

This description was the inspiration of our year's work. Throwing the disc was practiced as a real Greek has taught us to do it. The music of a Sword Dance by Poldini was found to suit our purpose, and the stirring rhythm gave impulse to the rather difficult movements of the hammer throw, stone putting, and disc throwing. The entire grade practiced these games with great enthusiasm and performed them on Field Day, ending with the chariot race in honor of Apollo, which is done every year.

Another year, the Pan-Athenaic Procession was the theme of our Field Day, with only the winners of the various games taking part—the best disc throwers, runners, and jumpers, and the winners of the torch race and the chariot race.

A torch dance, in a difficult five-four measure, was one of the features of the fourth grade work one year. The dance formed part of a Greek play. All were eager to have torches for this dance, but the day before the performance arrived, and the teacher had no idea of how these torches could be made. A group of children volunteered to make them. Under the leadership of one boy, they gathered dry brush, twisting it together in the form of a torch, cutting small snips of red and orange paper for the flame, and fast-

The Fourth Grade in a Greek Play

ening these in the end of the bunch of twigs. The result was startlingly realistic and a most effective touch in the play. It also was a great lesson to the teacher, in the creative ability of children.

Music for a ball game has been composed by Jaques-Dalcroze and is often used in this Greek work; but the composition entitled "Les Chevaux," also by Dalcroze, is always the supreme test for this grade, as it demands a great amount of sustained attention, memory, and physical control. The drivers, walking the whole notes, half notes, and quarters, are always walking twice as slowly as the horses, except in one place where they are going two steps to the horses' three. There is no doubt that the difficulty of this work would be insurmountable without the stimulus of interest in the Greeks.

How is this creative work? Is it not a real effort on the part of each child to create a Greek festival? His own part is of supreme importance both in his hope of outdoing his own previous record and as his contribution to the excellence of the whole performance. Also, as each movement has significance and sequence, it is not a mere imitation or drill. The whole, unified and inspired by the rhythm and harmony of the music, makes an expression which is joyous and spontaneous, both necessary elements of true creative art.

The Fourth Grade Children in the Discus Throw

CREATIVE EFFORT—IN MELODY

(The Older Children)

Recent collections of children's work in art and in music are confirming our feeling that there is much ability in children to create in these forms which is not being discovered early enough, if at all. Creative talent great enough to demand expression for itself will usually take care of itself; but the lesser talent ought to be developed also, for the good of the individual if not for the rest of the world. Every child ought to have the opportunity to try, and in certain cases the work should go on for a considerable period. It should last long enough to permit the pupil to work through that first superficial layer of largely-imitative melodies which occur to almost everyone (the present collection and most others I have seen are of this sort), and go on from there to genuine creative work in the presumably rare cases when that is possible. We believe that if a pupil has the necessary leisure, and the right kind of stimulation and help, he may discover for himself a whole new range of power and joy in this work.

We select the children for this experiment for various reasons, not always because they ardently desire it. They often desire it when they have no power at all to shape a single phrase. Obviously the child who is very musical should have the first opportunity, but there are less obvious reasons governing the selection of other children, which it would be difficult to state in detail. A series of typical examples would be necessary to show our ideas on this point.

The process must be really free. Most of the instruction should come incidentally out of the pupil's own felt need of it, and instruction must never interfere with the joy of free expression. There is one current method of doing this work which we believe prevents free expression in all children, and that is the method of mechanically building up tunes phrase by phrase under direction and criticism.

If our children saw frequently great architecture, paintings, and sculpture, and heard only the best music, and if they came into contact with great teachers and preachers and noteworthy person-

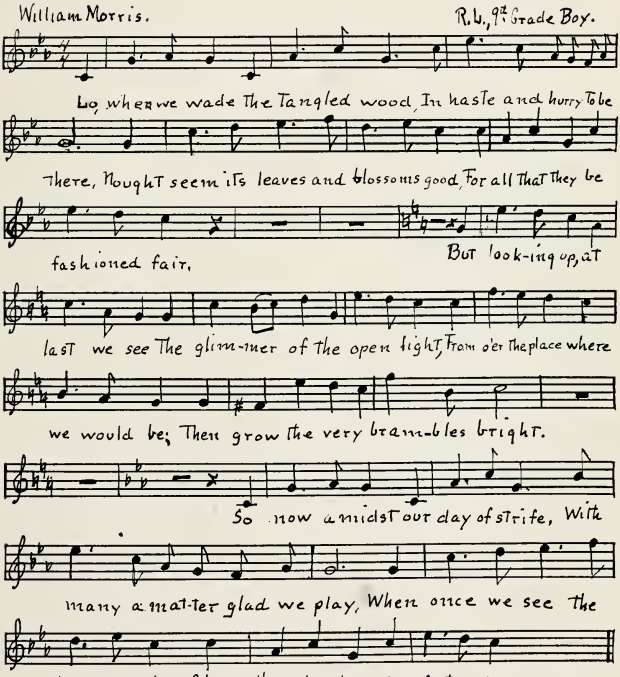
alities, they would have a content for self-expression which might eventuate in a thousand beautiful forms. As it is, we must help them to express what they want to express. Whatever the content, it is surely true that until they have had both of these opportunities in full measure, to experience and to express, they have not had the chance of acquiring what Colonel Parker calls "that which is noblest in a human being—the impelling power to action. In all action under motive the will is brought into continuous exercise."*

The steps in the development of self-criticism which lead to the establishment of a personal standard of judgment and taste come naturally in original work. Self-criticism leads to self-discipline and the deeper action of the will to create. But skill must keep pace with the critical faculty, and we hope to aid in supplying the stimulus and the beginning of technique for a genuine, clear-headed desire for self-expression. In order to do this in the best way we should have in the music department a real composer who would carry the work far enough to get results which would be satisfying to the pupil. I do not wish to indicate that pupils do not care for their tunes at present. They do—often intensely.

The original songs which follow, written chiefly by children of the upper grades, are printed now for the purpose of showing the best of the results of opportunities for easy self-expression as they have been supplied in our school for many years. These little songs show some background of musical taste, and they exhibit musical imagery called up spontaneously by poetry under motive. The process is a very simple one. Almost no instruction in either musical or poetic form is given. We start the idea of composing only when there is some reason for the pupil's wanting to compose. May Day has always been our special time for original poems and songs, and each year in March our teachers begin talking about it with the pupils. They are given a little booklet of texts suitable for songs, including a very considerable variety. Three "prize poems" of former May Days, written by children, are included, together with other simple and more or less obvious spring poems; there are texts for songs for boys, Christmas songs, beautiful English and German lyrics, ethical poems, nonsense rhymes, etc. Two or three pupils work at a time with a teacher in the group room, or they may find a corner where they may work alone; sometimes

*"Talks on Pedagogics," p. 227.

they think out the tune at home. The melodies are written upon the board and sung by the class, and the interpretation worked out with the help of the teacher, subject to the choice of the "composer." They are only then criticized in detail by the composer and the class. Such suggestions as seem useful are added by the teacher, especially as to form, but there is absolutely no interference in matters of taste. The song represents the pupil's taste as far as we can find it out. In regard to the accompaniment, if the pupil has no skill and no ideas at all on the subject, various possibilities are suggested to him and harmonies chosen by him.



Robert was from Boston. He selected the poem for his text at home, and brought the melody complete, and neatly written down. His feeling of seriousness about the school's ideals was unusual. The melody has good form and is appropriate to the text, if not very interesting.

Hellas

VIRGINIA WAGNER - Fourth Grade

Group Fourth Grade 1908-9

Andante

Oh! I'm think-ing of Hellas Of far - a - way Hellas, Where the
-Oh! I'm think-ing of Hellas Of far - a - way Hellas, Where the

p

green fields are ly - ing Where the sun-light is dy - ing, O'er the far stretch-ing
cat - tle are low - ing Where the wat - ers are flow - ing, On the wide sun - light

Last ending

pp

fields of my Hel - las ___
fields of my Hel - las ___

My far a way Hel - las.

pp

Fairies' Spinning Song

CONSTANCE Mac KAYE — Fourth Grade 1910-11

Andante

Twirl and turn, twirl and turn, Thistlekin Flittermouse Seed o' fern

Wondrous the gar - ment we pre - pare, Fit for a true prin - cess to wear;

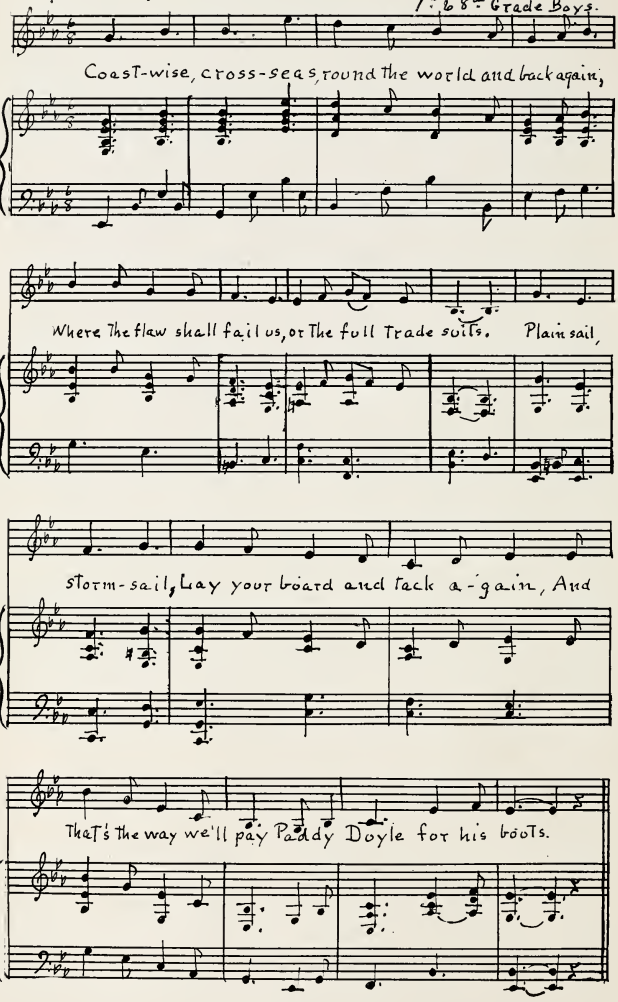
Gold-en the thread on the spin-dle flies, Pearl-y the tears of Ros-a-dew's eyes

Twirl and turn, twirl and turn, Thistlekin Flitt-er-mouse Seed o' fern.

Rudyard Kipling.

The Merchantmen.

7th & 8th Grade Boys.



Sea Song.

Allan Cunningham.

Five Boys, 9th Grade

A wet sheet, and a flow-ing sea, A wind that follows fast, And

fills the white and rust-ling sail, And bends the gallant mast, And

bends the gal-lant mast, my boys, While like the eagle free, A-

way the good ship flies, and leaves Old England on the lee.

Two Songs for the Little Children

Northerly I.

Old English.

Three 9th Grade Girls

When the wind is east, They say We shall have a rainy day.

When the wind is from the west, Moving fields have little rest.

Northerly II.

D.P., 1st Grade Girl.

When the wind is east they say, We may have a rainy day,

When the wind is from the west, Moving fields have little rest.

A Capital Ship.

M. J. G., 7th Grade Girl

A cap-i-tal ship for an o-cean trip Was the "Walloping Window

blind"; No wind that blew dis-mayed her crew, Or troubled the captain's

mind. The man at the wheel was made to feel Contempt for the wildest

blow-ow-ow, Tho' it of-ten appeared, when the gale had cleared, That he'd

been in his bunk be low. Then blow ye winds heigh-ho! A-

rov-ing I will go! I'll stay no more on England's shore, So

let the mus-ic play-ay-ay. I'm off for the morning train, I'll

cross the rag-ing main, I'm off to my love with a

boxing glove, Ten thousand miles a way.

Buccaneer's Song.

R.B., 9th Grade Boy

moderato

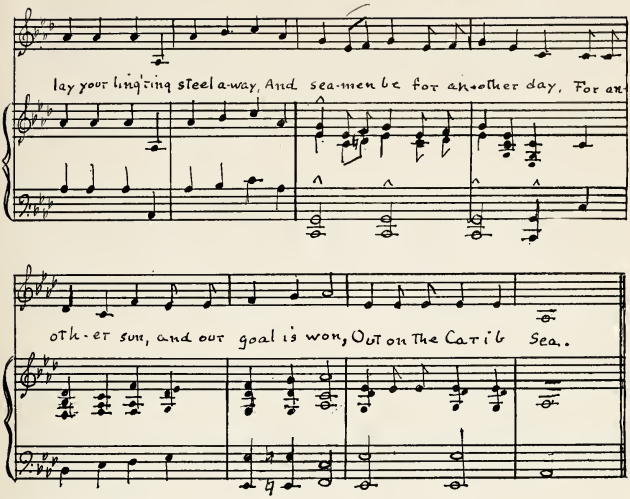
f

Greet ye the morn-ing, laugh her up, And sing the sun below, For it's

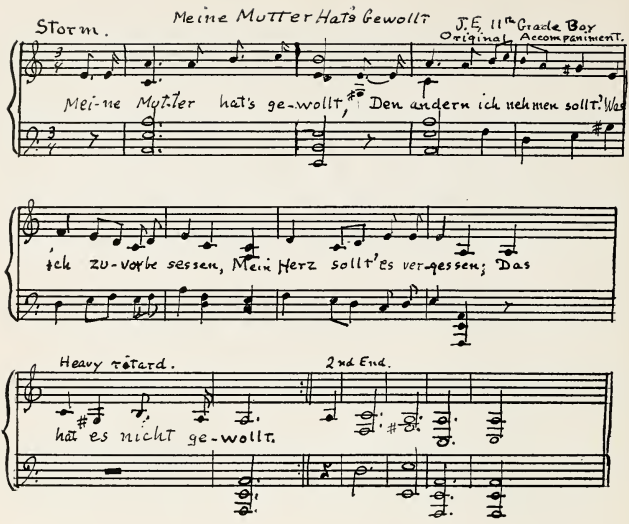
out wi'me to the Car-ib sea, Where the scented east winds blow. Oh the

day is new, and the gal-leons few, That cling to the desp'rate rendezvous. We

know we know, — So



In the effort to give the boys the necessary courage to try to write a melody, the teacher discussed the differences between the speaking and singing voice, and read the text. The first phrase of the song was taken by Richard from his observation of the speech melody as the teacher read the words. Interest mounted steadily after that, and he finished the song with blazing eyes and red cheeks, twenty minutes after dismissal time.



This is characteristic of the boy's feeling at the time he wrote it. He and another musical boy were deeply interested in "Immensee." This song was written to be played in one of a series of three dialogues which the two boys devised for morning exercises. They represented an aspiring young violinist (Joseph E.) and a famous musician and critic (Alfred F.). The young man is supposed to come for lessons, and for criticism of his first composition. He plays the melody on his violin, expressly stating that it has been written as an illustration of the essential feeling of the text, rather than as a song to be sung. The accompaniment is printed exactly as Joseph wrote it.

May.

Natalie Mae Farren. B.D., 7th Grade Girl

Wel-come gen-tle month of May, Thy skies are bright and clear.

Clouds of white are Thine array, And in Thine eye a Tear.

Birds now sing their sweetest lay; Choicest flow'rs Thy

court attend. Oh May, sweet May, I Too will

praise The joys That Thou dost send.

May

Natalie MacFarren. Group of 5th Grade Boys.

Wel-come, gen-tle month of May, Thy skies are bright and

clear; Clouds of white are thine ar-ray, And in thine eye a

tear, Birds now sing their sweetest lay, Choicest flow'rs thy

court at-tend; Oh May, sweet May, I Too will praise the joys that thou dost send.

Natalie MacFarren

May

R.N., 9th Grade Girl.

moderato

mf

Welcome, gentle month of May, Thy skies are bright and clear; Clouds of white are thine array, And in thine eye a tear; Clouds of white are thine array, And in thine eye a tear.

For a Play.

Original.

Group of 5th and 6th Grade Girls

What shall I see, if ever I stray Over the fields and

far a-way? Birds and flowers, castles and towers,

Beau-ti-ful la-dies, all merry and gay.

A Horseman.

Walter de la Mare

Four 8th Grade Girls

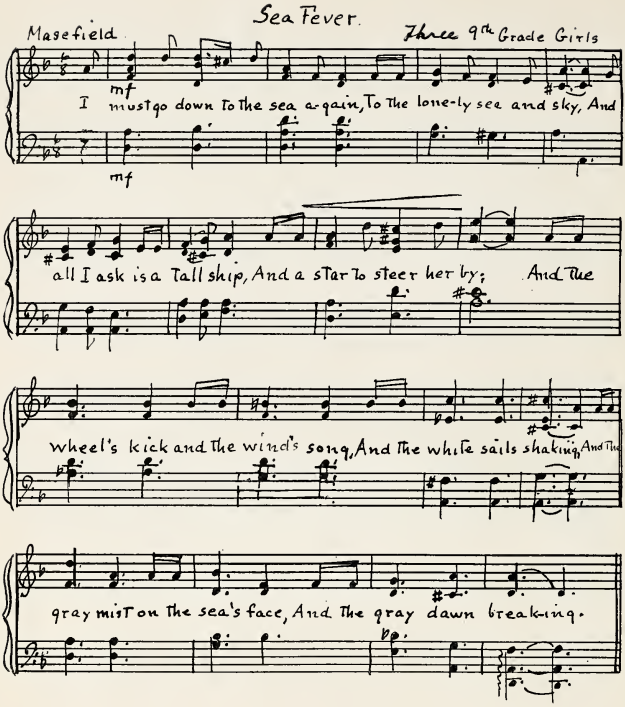
I heard a horse-man ride o-ver the hill, The moon shone clear and

night was still, His helm was silver and pale was he, And the

pp cresc. f

horse he rode, And the horse he rode was of i-vor-y.

f

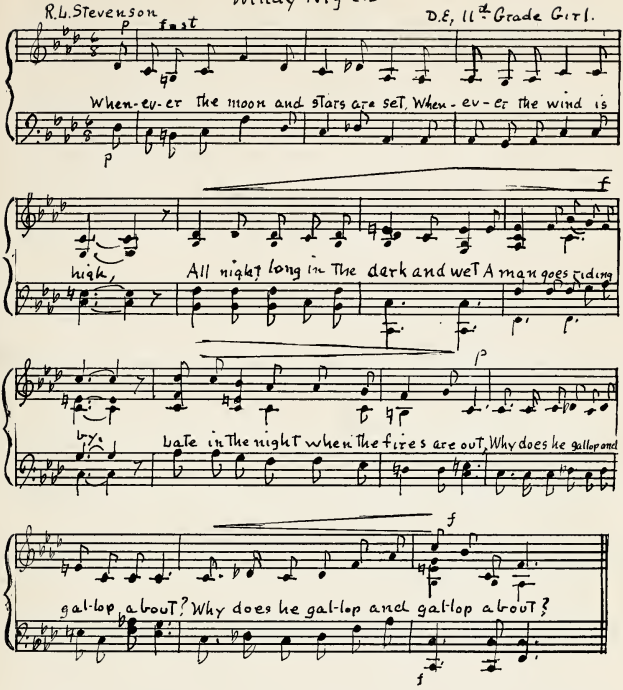


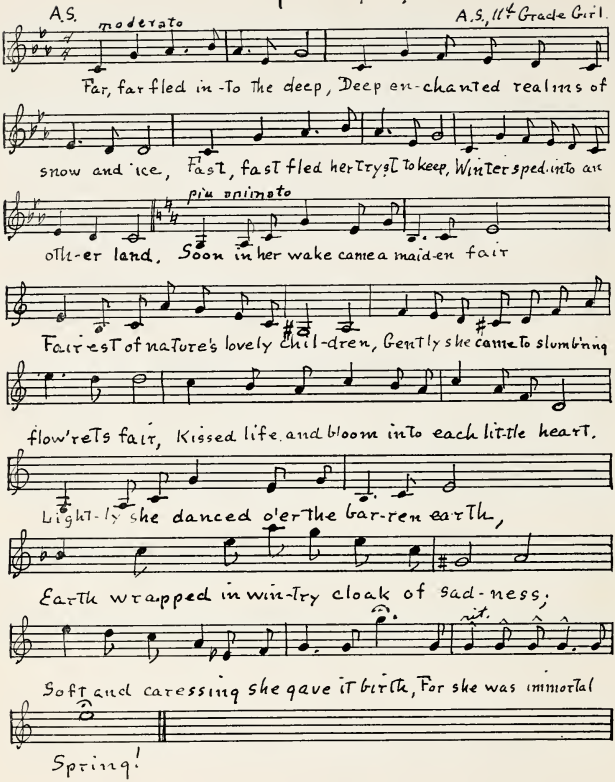
The girls at first thought that their song should be sung in a quiet, somewhat meditative style; but more variety developed after they had heard the class sing it a few times. They worked up an energetic rhythmic feeling, a crescendo in the third line, and a decrescendo in the last one, ending in a quiet, smooth way.

Windy Nights

R.L. Stevenson

D.E., 11th Grade Girl.





Annette accomplished this just after she had heard the Russian Opera Company sing the "The Snow Maiden." Annette is musical, but almost too eager to please the class; hence the popular quality of the melody. It is characteristic of her in other respects. She wrote a rather good accompaniment for it.

Two gifted pupils of the high school have written their first songs for our May Day. They are so far beyond any ordinary childish melody-making that they are not representative of school work, and so do not belong in a collection of this sort.

There are in these little songs time-worn modulations, conventional musical figures, and popular emotional colorings and mannerisms. Originality is of course rare. However, in "Hellas" there is true creative power. There were the wonderful activities of a year of work on the life of Greece under Jennie Hall, and the immediate need of a song for the slave to sing in the play. The text of the song was written by one member of the group at home, and the melody by about ten children working together. They were not the most musical ones, but a group selected because they were stirred by the verses and the situation. They were vague, hesitant, but very serious. The teacher wrote down the little song, phrase by phrase, as they sang it to her. They were totally unaware of its real quality, which only came out when sung by a musical little girl with a delicate elegiac quality in her voice.

The attention of teachers who are not used to analyzing the meaning and feeling of music is called to the following points in "Hellas."

a. The initial phrase has true feeling for the speech melody of the words, with the natural accentuation of the words preserved perfectly.

b. The second phrase gives the intensification suggested by the words, and the exactly right rhythm.

c and *d.* together. These two phrases are charmingly expressive of the longing in the words. Notice the fall of the melodic line at the end of *d.*

e. The repetition of the tones at "far stretching fields" is very expressive, and the whole last phrase forms a close that is most musical and appropriate.

The little tune has complete coherence, and it fits perfectly the dramatic situation for which it was composed.

In "The Buccaneer" we have musical ideas very adequately if not very beautifully expressed; in "Twirl and Turn" there is grace and appropriateness; "Lo, When We Wade the Tangled Wood" is a remarkably serious effort, with true if not very original musical feeling for the text; "Yo Ho, Ye Lusty Winds" and "The Merchantman" have good, vigorous, boyish rhythm and musical ideas.

The difficulty of finding good texts is great, and we use the same one as often as we like. The chief values of this work in the pupil's education are probably three: namely, the opportunity

to express musical ideas and feeling under strong motive, the discovery and clarification of vague musical imagery, and pleasure in the appreciation of others; in short, the interest of creation, however crude. There are also various bi-products which are all more or less important; as, for instance, sight reading and dictation, the proper use of musical terms, definite attention to appropriateness of rhythm, melodic line, key and key changes, and vital matters of form and taste.

It is, I presume, unnecessary to state that the songs which are presented here are intended merely to show the results of our experiments under a variety of conditions. With the exception of "The Buccaneer," which proved a popular song for older boys, and the songs for the third grade play, we have never sung any of them in the school after the occasion has passed for which they were written.

CREATIVE EFFORT—IN MELODY

(The Younger Children)

The younger children create melodies for the joy of singing a poem they have made or read. The song they make is always a spontaneous expression of something that comes from a rich background, usually in their grade or group work, sometimes in their home experience. Some children in the class have more initiative than others, some more musical ideas; but those who have musical ideas are not always able to express them. The songs are written on the board by the teacher. Very often one child sings a complete tune, and again many children sing different tunes for the same phrase. Since the whole class have the same motive or interest in making the song, the whole class take part in accepting, rejecting, or criticising the tune. Sometimes the whole tune is rejected; sometimes a few phrases will sound well or seem to the children to express the feeling of the poem. With these phrases, which are saved for another lesson, we begin to create another melody. Very often an unmusical child is so filled with the idea of making a tune for his grade play and becomes so enthusiastic that he suddenly sings a phrase which is immediately accepted by the group.

Such creative work is done in all the lower grades whenever an occasion arises.

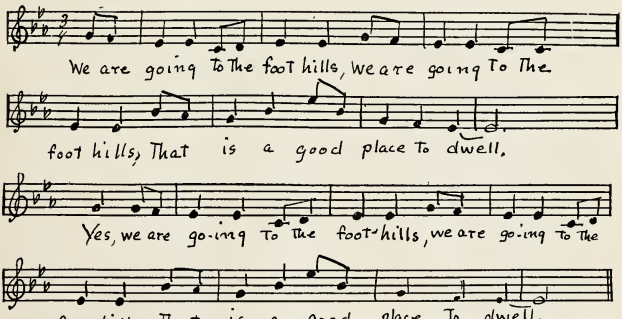
A second grade had read the story of the early herdsmen. The people were leaving the pits in the valley where they had spent the winter and were going with the flocks to the foothills for summer feeding. When it became hard for the people to keep together along the road, the leader, Many-dogs, to encourage them, would often beat on his drum or sing:

"We are going to the foothills,
We are going to the foothills.
That is a good place to dwell."

The people following him answer:

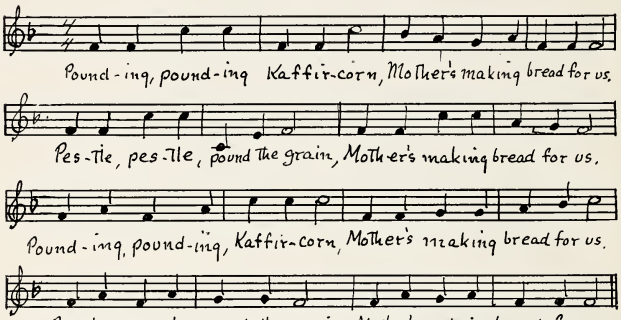
"Yes, we are going to the foothills,
We are going to the foothills.
That is a good place to dwell.
Yes, we have turned our backs to the dark valley.
We have turned our faces to the light."

The children were so impressed by the rhythm and appropriateness of these words that they wanted to sing them. One child sang this complete tune:



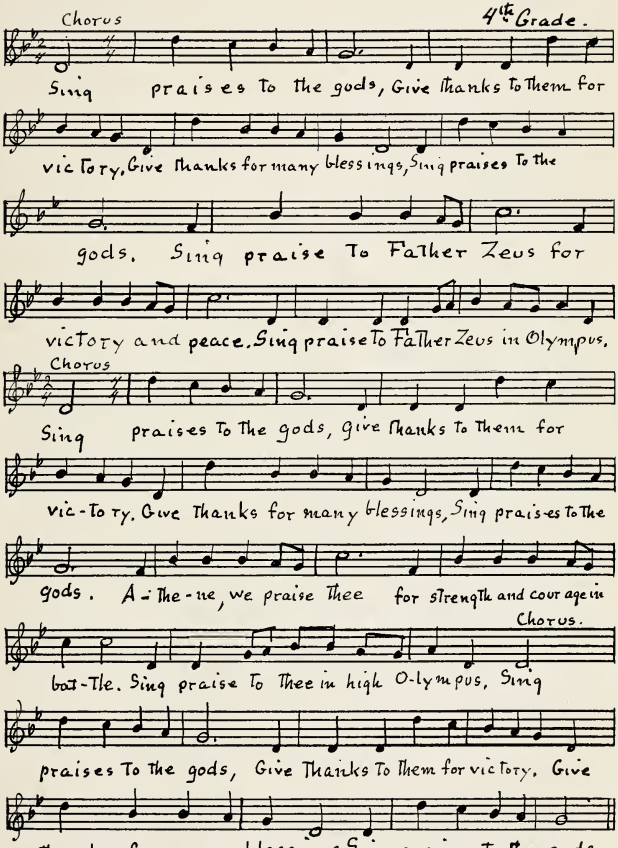
The children immediately suggested that the whole group repeat the tune, just as the followers of Many-dogs did.

At another time this same group was making flour, using a mortar and pestle which they had made themselves. When the pestle was pounded into the big mortar (a large log hollowed out), a thrilling sound was made. The rhythm suggested the words, and as different children took turns swinging the pestle, spontaneously they began to sing. The steady pounding suggested a repetition of the same phrases, with not so much variety of tune.



The fourth grade children had been reading "Men of Old Greece," and were stirred by Miss Hall's story of the battle of Salamis. An unused table in the room, and clay, suggested to them that they make the setting for the battle of Salamis. Quickly with rocks and clay they built up the mainland, with the Persians about Xerxes overlooking the sea, where between Salamis and the mainland lay the Greek and Persian ships. On Salamis were put the Greek friends and sympathizers. The making and painting of the Greek and Persian ships was fascinating work. Then, without organization or preconceived plans, children took the part of Themistocles, Greek captains, Aristides, and began half to dramatize with the stage settings, half to talk and imagine the scenes. It had vitality; they enjoyed it. Then some one said, "Let's choose and write parts and really play it." This they did. At the end of the play a little girl said that she could write a hymn of victory that the Greeks could shout aloud as Xerxes was driven off. Two other

little girls liked the idea. The next day three poems came in. One of these was more lyric than the others. This the whole class wanted to set to music.



CREATIVE EFFORT—DRAMATIZING MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

Impersonation and acting, story-telling and play-making, are instinctive in children, and each year the significance of the dramatic urge is more appreciated by teachers, and more widely and intelligently used in the education of young people. It is not a case of introducing something new into the schools. The dramatic instinct entered the door with the child, and can no more be excluded and ignored than can the child's hands and feet. This dramatic tendency, rightly used, has a large place in the development of the human capacities. It is indissolubly connected with the exercise and the functioning of the creative imagination.

The utilization of the dramatic tendency in the teaching of literature should begin in the kindergarten and continue throughout the child's literary journey. It is not the writer's purpose to discuss here the psychology of the dramatic instinct.* His object is to tell briefly how he has utilized some of the "Mother Goose" rhymes in the direction and cultivation of the dramatic tendency in children, and in the fostering of their play-making tendencies, "Mother Goose" has been chosen because these rhymes and jingles comprise the first literary units that come into the child's literary experience, and because the dramatic tendency at this early period of the child's development has had little chance for contamination through misuse and misdirection. There is neither time nor need in this article to go into the merits of "Mother Goose," to expatiate upon the place held by these little gems of versification, these glimpses into life, these (in many cases) well nigh perfect examples of art. Where does one get a deeper, more terse bit of philosophical comment than "Humpty Dumpty?" A single mistake, one downfall, and no human aid—not even that which to human sense stands for the highest authority and power—can set things right again. "Not all the King's horses, nor all the King's men, could set Humpty Dumpty up again." Needless to say, to the child the philosophical values are and should be nil, but every

*A full discussion of the subject will be found in "Plays and Playmaking in the Elementary and Secondary Schools," by John Merrill and Martha Fleming.

art creation has in it elements of universal appeal, something to meet the growing needs of the childlike receptive thought of young and old.

It must be admitted at once that most of the "Mother Goose" rhymes and jingles serve their purpose in the experience of the child when the child has heard the rhyme frequently enough to catch the music of the rhythm, cadence, alliteration, and other subtleties which go to make up their poetry. A few of the poems, however, contain a story element which makes excellent material for dramatization and for the exercise of creative effort. The development of the dramatic instinct and the true teaching of literature go hand in hand. In each of the "Mother Goose" rhymes which contains a narrative idea, one finds a short literary art unit that is of the right size and content to meet the play-making needs of little children.

In view of the limited scope of this article, let us proceed to give some illustrations of the way in which a "Mother Goose" rhyme containing a real dramatic situation can be elaborated into a little play by kindergarten or first grade children.

"Little Miss Muffet" is always a great favorite with the children, and is one of the first rhymes to be presented. The reasons for its popularity are not hard to see—all have had an experience comparable to Miss Muffet's. She has been given a much liked food, has seated herself on a grassy mound, and is about to enjoy her feast when a spider comes and sits down beside her. Filled with fear, she leaves the untasted food and rushes away. The situation is essentially dramatic and deals with the fundamental emotions of joy and fear. The play is told with simple, significant details which lead up to a definite crisis, and which conclude in a logical dénouement. It is a veritable cameo in its perfect technique.

How should the story be presented? Doubtless the children have heard it many times before coming to school; nevertheless, it is well to motivate the story before the rhyme is repeated to the children. One cannot lay down a set way of leading up to the presentation of a piece of literature. The presentation varies with the class, the time, and the teacher. One hesitates to give an illustration, lest someone will attempt to follow the letter and lose sight of the spirit. Devices are of slight value, but principles are fundamental and eternal. Without doubt, it is wise to direct and focus the at-

tention of children before presenting any piece of literature. The writer always attempts to build up a proper background, create a proper mood, and prepare for any unusual words or terms. Failure to understand a word frequently prevents a child from getting the author's idea. For example, a little child who had just repeated "There was a crooked man," was asked what a *stile* is. He replied, "It is what mother says her new dress has." Play is the child's mode of study, so we approach the study of Miss Muffet through the portal of play. We may begin with an imaginary luncheon, then lead the children by easy and natural steps to recall the fun they have had in the summer eating their luncheon alone on the lawn under a tree. When the moment is right, the story of Miss Muffet is told. The name is not given, and the exact words of the rhyme are not used at this recital of the story. It may be told in some such manner as this: "A little girl's mother gave her a bowl of something which she very much liked. The mother told her she might go into the garden to her favorite seat on the lawn and there eat her luncheon. While the little girl was tasting the food a great spider came and sat down beside her. . . ." and so the tale runs on to its close. The children soon recognize the story of "Little Miss Muffet." They are all eager to tell the tale in its rhythmic form and are allowed so to do. They are eager also to play it, and this impulse is gratified. When the rhyme has been repeated and a number have played it, there is likely to be a stagnation of interest unless the children's eagerness to tell similar experiences of their own with spiders is recognized and they are given an opportunity to express themselves.

When they have given vent to their desire to relate their own adventures, have told the story in rhyme, and have played it, what is the next step? Is it wise to leave it and go no further? Certainly not. It is wise to go on until the children have got from the rhyme all that they are capable of getting at that time. But what is the next step? Recalling to mind the children's first acting of the story reveals the fact that it was primarily pantomimic; that there was a noticeable lack of dialogue, and very little characterization. A larger sense of characterization will lead to some slight use of dialogue. Our next step, then, is the development of a sense of characterization. This will come through the further development of the story. Children will attend to a story as long

as it continues to develop. The next duty, then, is to see to it that the story shall continue to develop for each member of the class. Now, every vivid impression tends to find an outlet in expression, and the fuller and the more vivid the expression the more likelihood there is that the impression will remain. To illustrate: When the attention of the child has been attracted and his interest aroused, there follows a very lively image or mental picture. The child then has an impulse to give some expression to this mental picture. He may give it pantomimic expression, or vocal expression, or he may attempt to express it by means of a drawing, or give it some physical embodiment, as in clay. The fuller the expression, the more permanent the idea. The very act of expression causes the individual to realize the points of cloudiness in his impression, tends to make him return to the mental impression and exercise closer observation. This closer observation is possible because the act of expression has clarified the thought and left the mind free for restimulation and for a larger and more truthful impression. Reimpressed, the individual is ready for a new expression of the fuller mental picture.* As this process goes on, characterization develops and dialogue begins.

It must always be borne in mind that the children of the kindergarten and first grade are in a pantomimic stage of development; they are primarily interested in things as wholes; they get large general impressions, and express themselves in terms that to the adult seem extremely hazy and sketchy, but which to them are full and significant. Children of the first grade are in somewhat the same stage of development as the Egyptians were when they conceived and made the great pyramids. Dramatic expression in the first grade is largely in terms of pantomime, and without much dialogue, and of broad sketchy characterization which lays stress on the large, obviously significant details.

Having digressed to lay stress upon the science of expression,

*Warren in "Elements of Human Psychology" states: "The two essential factors in memory (and in imagination as well) are attention and revival." Colonel Parker, in his "Talks on Pedagogics," has said that "attention and expression are the two processes of human action which have most to do with the evolution of the human race." Expression he defines as "The manifestation of thought and emotion through the body by means of physical agents." "Attention and expression, together, are the action and reaction of the whole being in mental and bodily movements," and "are organically related by motive." Observation and expression are, then, indissolubly connected, and science and art should go hand in hand throughout the process of education. The more lively the child's interest or motive, the closer his observation, and the fuller the emotion, the more likelihood there is that the child will use all his available avenues of expression. The act of expressing the mental picture prepares the way for the reception of a fuller mental impression and a consequent more adequate expression.

let us return to the teaching of "Miss Muffet." When the story has been presented as a whole; when it has been said by some of the class, perhaps by all in unison; and when it has been acted by a few of the children, the next step is to give every child a chance to express himself in terms of action. To allow everyone to act in front of the class would take too long; to allow a large portion of the class to leave their seats at one time would only result in confusion. Fortunately the need for general participation can frequently be met by having the children at their seats act a detail of the story or a related detail. (It must be borne in mind that this in no way takes the place of the acting of the whole story in groups at the proper time.) To illustrate: The teacher, assisted by some of the children, may pretend to give to each one of the class a bowl of curds and whey and a spoon; then together they have a jolly play feast. Next, perhaps, the teacher and pupils play spiders, spin webs, travel about the room. Gradually a suggestion of the spider's movement is seen—this was entirely lacking in the first acting. Through these and similar devices all of the children are brought into the play. Habits of study are developed; through expression the thinking of the children is clarified, and their minds are made ready for a fuller appreciation of the dramatic situation; moreover, the first steps in the development of characterization are made. From this stage of development, the children can be led to the initial step in the use of dialogue, which is the next consideration. They take turns, perhaps, in playing mother, select someone in the class and surprise him with an imaginary dish of some much-liked food. This play necessitates the choosing of some particular food, the calling of it by name, and the offering of it by some one of the children. The use of conversation is most simple, but it is a natural and valuable step in the development of dramatic play. Such games will help to destroy self-consciousness and give an opportunity and necessity for conversation, and so prepare for the use of dialogue needed in the acting of "Little Miss Muffet." The wise teacher will find that there are many ways in which the child's horizon can be broadened, many legitimate ways in which he can be given opportunity for expression and be made ready for closer observation and fuller expression. After this detailed work, the story is again played.

The children of the kindergarten and first grade have very little power to sustain characterization. The sense of being a spider, for example, is so new and strange that the child forgets all about the part he is playing and is conscious only of his own feelings, and stops to enjoy the novel sensation. These are the growing joys and not the growing pains that accompany the development of the aesthetic and dramatic sense, and the strengthening of the personality to take in the larger world, for, "All experience is an arch where thro' gleams" the "untravell'd world." Young children cannot attend for any great length of time, so the teacher should not dwell long enough at one time to tire them. In the first grade the teacher frequently can dwell upon a "Mother Goose" rhyme twenty or twenty-five minutes for two or three, perhaps three or four days, in succession. The children will be glad to come back now and then to the story, and will love to recite it, play it, draw it, and model it a number of times; they will be interested just as long as the story continues to develop or unfold for them. The teacher's duty is to know how to choose a story that is worthy of presentation, and how to create the right atmosphere. He must be sure of the steps by which the child grows into the fullest appreciation of a piece of art, and must intuitively know when to stop work upon a story and when to return to it.

"Little Miss Muffet," taught in a proper manner, increases the child's power of observation, strengthens his will, helps him to master fear, stimulates the dawning feeling for rhythm, and exercises his emotions wholesomely. There is no danger in this expression of emotion, because it has an adequate cause. Emotion should never be used for mere entertainment; it should never be aroused without a definite and legitimate background. Emotion will not be too strong if used under full control for real things. Hugh Ralcy Bell declares that "there can be no friction between the expression of a sane emotion and the rational rise of knowledge." . . . . "Wisdom and emotion work together in all their higher phases when expression is the function of intellectuality." In the word *expression* we have the crux of the whole matter. Educational methods have rarely given full opportunity for that sort of expression that has intellect, will, and emotion, all coöperating in the act of realizing some absorbing, vital, social idea.

It may appear that the writer has spent an unconscionably long time upon these first steps, but he is convinced that he is justified in so doing. This first stage of development is the most important of all. If the foundations are wrong, no matter how carefully one may build the superstructure, it is bound to be weak and unserviceable.

Another rhyme that lends itself to dramatization is

"Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over
The candle-stick."

This little poem cannot be acted until it presents a dramatic situation to the children's minds. First the children see only a boy named Jack jumping over a candle-stick. If they act out the rhyme, the action is largely physical—that is, pantomimic—and with but little dialogue, either original or taken from the poem. If their natural desire to talk about the poem is given free rein, someone will wonder and ask, "Who says, 'Jack be nimble'?" Then another one will perhaps say, "Why, it's the father sending Jack off to bed." "Why does he tell him to jump over the candle-stick?" "Because Jack is sleepy; the father wishes to awaken him so that he can find his way upstairs; his father knows that jumping over the candle-stick will rouse Jack." And so in some such manner and in some such conversation the children create an imaginary story and connect the incidents of the rhyme with human experience. After this when they play the little poem it has a real dramatic quality. One child is the father, perhaps reading the evening paper; Jack sits beside his father dozing; the mother is preparing Jack's bed. She calls for Jack. No reply. Then she calls to the father to send Jack upstairs. The father looks at Jack, sees he is almost asleep, and says

"Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over
The candle-stick."

Because it is said with a purpose, this little poem now is given by the one who is playing the father with genuine meaning—he is

the father for the time being; he is thinking in personal terms, and only by thinking in personal terms do ideas evolve and become valuable in one's development. Jack rubs his eyes, picks up the candle-stick, makes his way upstairs, and his mother puts him to bed. Dramatic expression of some similar nature works out in the children's own free and spontaneous thinking.

In a large class it is not possible each day to give every child an opportunity to play a part all the way through, and yet there must be ample opportunities for each child to express himself through voice and bodily movements; otherwise, his ideas never fully function but like all fleeting impressions quickly disappear. In order to secure ample opportunities for all to express themselves, the whole class is frequently invited to "make believe" without leaving their places. For example: The teacher asks the class to pretend that it is nearly bed time; that they have played with their toys until they are tired; that they are so sleepy that they can hardly keep their eyes open. "Now, let us make believe to fall asleep," the teacher suggests. The children quickly enter into the game and suit the action to the word. Or the teacher may say, "Make believe that you are Jack waking up." The teacher, playing with the class, pretends to be the father, and calls to them to awaken. The children rub their eyes, yawn, and show other signs of waking.

Through this playing of an incident of the story the children develop a sense of characterization, and the self-conscious ones act freely because they have no fear of being observed by their fellows.

It is an excellent idea to have half of the class act while the other half observes. To illustrate: The teacher may say, "I am going to invite the children on this side of the room to play that they are father reading the newspaper. The children on the other side of the room may see which one seems most like a man enjoying his evening paper."

In this fashion, and in similar ways, the children—after a group or several groups have played the story as a whole—are led to concentrate upon the parts of the story, and by the general use of pantomimic characterization all are led to study intensively the parts of the story, and to give them expression. A replaying of the whole story should follow this detailed work, because the children's last impression should be of the story as a unified whole.

The dramatic instinct finds perhaps its fullest flowering and its richest function when it creates, weaving ideas into newly created designs. Memory recalls ideas related as they were in actual experience. Creative imagination arranges remembered ideas in new and original patterns. The artist arranges these ideas into patterns which have significance, proportion, unity, and beauty.

"Hey! Diddle Diddle" is a delightful "Blue Bird" sort of fantasy. We all love to picture a world with fewer limitations than those now seemingly imposed upon mortals. The little poem is full of delightful suggestions and opportunities for plot-making and for characterization. One class of first grade youngsters imagined that the poem "Hey! Diddle Diddle" pictured a situation very much like this: A more or less sedate cat and dog, and a thoroughly sedate cow—to say nothing of the usually inactive plate and spoon—weary of their quiet and uneventful life, threw off all restraint as soon as their master and mistress were abed and asleep, and in the freedom of the night and under cover of the dark, held merry gambols in the open.

The children of their own initiative created and acted, with constant variations, a little play of which the following is a rough scenario: A father and mother, one summer's night, shut up the house preparatory to retiring. The cat and dog were put out of doors because of the mildness of the weather. The cow, owing to the absence of all signs of rain, was allowed to remain in the field. The mother placed on the table a dish and spoon in order that the breakfast could be prepared speedily in the morning. The father closed the doors and put out the lights. When the man and woman were sound asleep, the cat brought out her fiddle from its hiding place and amused herself playing a lively dance tune. The music was so gay and irresistible that the cow was unable to refrain from dancing, and finally became so excited that she tried to jump over the moon. The little dog entered into the fun, barking loudly to show his delight. The dish, unable to remain quietly in its place, bounded from the table, jumped through an open window, ran into the garden, and joined the merrymakers. The spoon, unwilling to be left alone, followed the dish. When the merrymaking was at its height, the sun appeared in the east. Immediately the moon waned, the cow, the cat, and the dog settled down, and the dish and the spoon returned to their places. The father and mother

arose. They recalled having heard a disturbance in the night. They looked about but found everything in order. The cat and the dog were asleep; the cow browsing in the field. They finally concluded that they had dreamed hearing the strains of a fiddle accompanied by the barking of a dog and other unusual sounds.

"Hickory, Dickory, Dock" is another Mother Goose rhyme which, when it takes hold of the imagination of the children, frequently leads them to elaborate it into a little play. The writer, while teaching in Peterboro, New Hampshire, one summer, used it with some of the very young children. The writer told the story with a dramatic setting which a group of Chicago children had worked out in much the same manner as the dramatization of "Hey! Diddle Diddle." It was the custom in the Peterboro School for the teachers to note daily the purpose of each recitation, the method used, and the results obtained. The following quotation from the author's records may be of value.

AUGUST 1

Group I

Purpose: To develop the story of "Hickory, Dickory, Dock" for the class.

Method: I attempted first of all to create a dramatic feeling which would make fertile soil for the story when told, and which would bear fruit in the form of whole-hearted, intelligent expression. I began by asking what sort of a clock they would like to own. All preferred clocks which struck the hours. I then pretended that I desired to purchase a clock—one that would strike the hours so that I could hear it all over my large house. I played that the children were clocks. I wound them to hear them strike. In this way I got every one into the game immediately and completely. We then had a store, with clocks, a store-keeper, customers, expressmen, etc. Then we sat down and I told the story of a man who purchased a new clock just as we had done. I told them when the man got the clock home and when every one had gone to bed, something gray, with sharp bright eyes, came out of a wee hole, and saw that new clock. The children guessed that the wee gray thing was a mouse, looking for food. I then told them how the mouse, imagining that the new clock might be a cupboard, climbed eagerly up the clock. Just when the mouse was at the very top the clock struck the hour. The poor mouse filled with fear ran down as fast as his little legs would carry him and fled down a hole to tell his family of his terrible adventure.

We then played that we were mice, running up a clock, hunting for food.

Remarks: The result seemed most satisfactory.

D hesitates to take unknown steps, but when she once feels sure of what is to be done, enters most heartily into the game.

AUGUST 2

Group I

Purpose: To continue the study of "Hickory, Dickory, Dock" through keener understanding and fuller expression.

Method: 1. Retelling of the story. (The return of S gave added motive for telling the story, and led to a fresh interest.) Because of limited time I told the major part of the story, and those who had heard it the day before acted as an efficient chorus.

2. Said the story in rhyme.

3. The children said it. Those who did not know it very well said it in chorus. Some of their own accord swung to the rhythm as they recited it.

4. We then played the entire story in much the same manner as on the previous day. The interest seemed to center on the mouse rather than on the clock. I used this interest to draw out the children's knowledge of mice; their habits; ways of getting food; their enemies; means of protection, etc. I strove to correlate and fix these facts by the making up of simple situations which would call for the expression of these habits which they had observed. We had, for example, mice seeking cheese at night, and being pursued by vigilant old cats.

5. Our fifth step was the playing of these simple situations which helped to develop our understanding of the characters in the story.

6. We completed the physiological circuit of impression and expression and brought our recitation to a unified close by playing the whole story.

Remarks: The making up of original related incidents helped to develop impersonation by adding details. At first the mice merely ran out of their holes and ran back, but after thoughtful consideration, and the pooling of the children's knowledge of mice, the impersonation began to develop. They sought better homes; one got under the table, another in the waste paper basket; they cautiously poked their heads out and peered about for signs of danger; sniffed for the odor of cheese; listened carefully for indications of the proximity of their enemy, the cat. Then came the quick run for the cheese; the frightened pell mell rush for their holes when the cat appeared; the pantings of fear when they realized how narrow their escape had been.

F showed indications of creative imagination and initiative. He completed the story of the rhyme by taking his family and moving to a new house where there were no cats or tall clocks.

S knew the rhyme, and when invited to say it for us rattled off mere words. We all then said the rhyme together trying to

make every one see every picture. With our hands we followed the movement of the mouse from his hole and back again, "suiting the action to the word, and the word to the action," thus getting the right tempo. S said the rhyme again for us, adding the pictures to the rhythm which he had given at his first recital.

I am confident that teachers who use this most vital dramatic instinct should have a knowledge of its psychology, of its phases of manifestation and their order and significance. The real value of playing stories is lost frequently because of this lack of knowledge on the teacher's part, and because the manifestations of dramatic feeling are not developed and directed into definite channels which aid the child in the education of his whole mind and body. The teacher should lead the pupil to the fullest expression of which he is capable at the moment, emotion, intellect, and will combining and balancing in the service of a definite, interesting, and worthy purpose.

Perhaps enough examples have been given to indicate how in the lowest grades the dramatic tendency can be used in the teaching of literature and in the development of creative expression. Among the other "Mother Goose" rhymes which lend themselves to dramatization are "Old King Cole," "Little Boy Blue," "There Was a Man in Our Town," "Ding, Dong, Bell," "Humpty Dumpty," "Jack and Jill," "Simple Simon Met a Pieman," "Queen of Hearts," "There Was a Crooked Man," "Three Little Kittens," and "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son."

The work in dramatization as has already been mentioned, should be accompanied by opportunities for the children to express the story through drawing, painting, modeling, or some other graphic art medium. The sand table often furnishes the children an excellent means for the externalization of their mental pictures. It is also well to encourage the children to tell and play their stories at home.

The teacher should not be discouraged if the apparent classroom results are slight. Indeed, the teacher will not be discouraged if he understands the laws of child-development and if he has been working in harmony with the principles of expression. If the teaching has been right, the children, when they are by themselves and when they think they are unobserved, play their stories with all the abandon, intelligence, and true dramatic skill that the teacher hoped to get in the class room.

To approximate the ideal condition for true dramatic and

creative expression, the class room must supply, as nearly as possible, the freedom that is present when the children, wholly self-motivated, self-directed, self-expressive, play their story unobserved by critical eyes and ears. For this reason costuming has little if any place in the dramatizations made in the kindergarten and first grade. The unbounded fancy of the children renders costume both unnecessary and injurious to their progress. Education and not entertainment is the purpose of the work.

Children should never act their stories before a formal audience. This does not mean that they may not with great profit share their stories by playing them before other classes or for parents and close friends, but this acting should be done in a simple, natural way, and should be actuated by the desire to share much loved stories with others. Applause should not be permitted.*

It is the custom of the Francis W. Parker School to have the children of the first grade, after they have dramatized a number of the "Mother Goose" rhymes and jingles, act some of them at the regular daily assembly period before their parents and two or three other classes of the school. The rhymes are acted in the small gymnasium. The audience is limited in size, and is seated about a hollow rectangle. The children, without special properties or costumes, act their little plays within this hollow rectangle. The little actors, free from the conventions of a stage—which requires for one thing that the actors consider the audience and turn toward it when speaking—move about at will and speak and act as they are inclined. They place their scene wherever they wish. Two or three little benches mark the localities mentioned in the story, and the action moves from locality to locality as it did from station to station in the old mediaeval plays where there was neither curtain nor special stage setting.

The necessary brevity of this article has given opportunity for little more than an introduction to the subject of play-making, its purpose and its scope. The writer hopes that he has at least made it clear that play-making, even in the first grade, is indissolubly connected with the teaching of literature, and that dramatization fosters the growth of the child, furnishing a natural avenue for creative effort and social participation.

*Read Amy Lowell's introduction to "Poems of a Little Girl," by Hilda Conkling.

CREATIVE EFFORT—IN DESIGN

(The Older Children)

The art class can offer an unlimited field for creative activity.

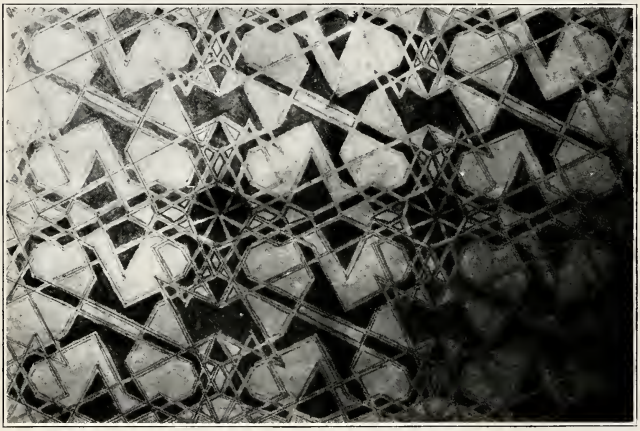
The following example of work done by older children is drawn from a first-year high school group.* The group wished to give the art room a distinctive air, make it different from other class rooms. This idea had been in the mind of the teacher for many a day. The art room chairs, low-backed and attractive in construction, had been purchased unpainted two years before, looking forward to a time when just such an inspiration should spring forth. The desks were of polished oak and very ugly to look at, and the chairs referred to were a light cream color, being merely shellaced on the natural wood. The walls and ceiling were white, and the woodwork, oak, had been stained a greenish brown originally. From this meager description you can get a picture of the spotty, ugly place. The proportions of the room are fine, and the ceiling is panelled and divided, giving great possibilities for a clever design. There are three large windows on the north, and one large and two small high ones in an alcove on the west. The lower south and east walls are covered with blackboards.

The children soon realized that this problem required much study of color and design. They made plans in the rough, and finished some in color. They decided to make the walls an oyster grey, the ceiling a pale cream, the woodwork a medium grey rose. This was done, and appalled us by what it did to the room, with the yellowish chairs and the polished oak tables. We studied to find out what was the matter and what was needed to make the room livable and beautiful. After much experiment we found that we needed a green-blue somewhere to balance the grey-rose, and some black. It took a good deal of time and much work to plan just where to distribute these colors, to get the best effect, but at last it was decided to paint the desks black and the chairs black with green-blue seats, to have two black screens with a narrow green-blue edge, and to get a black Japanese vase for the top

*The project here described was mentioned in an earlier yearbook. It has seemed advisable to discuss it more fully here because it contains a variety of educational elements.

of the cabinet. All this took a very long time to accomplish, doing only a few desks at a time. The color scheme proved satisfactory and restful, and we were very happy over the result, but not quite satisfied. We must have some decoration on the desks and chairs, and perhaps elsewhere.

The class had become interested in magic squares. A teacher of mathematics came into the art class and worked out the numbers with the children. Then they used the magic lines thus acquired as a basis of design. By moving the dots about and rearranging them horizontally and diagonally and vertically and combining different squares, they made many beautiful designs. These were



All-over pattern in notan done on the magic line of eight, finished in pencil

most of them finished in black and white. Now we went to work to see how we could use these ideas in designs for the furniture. The plan was particularly interesting to the class, because they thought the result not only might be beautiful but would be magic. They even went so far as to say that anyone using a chair and a desk with such a design on it would be inspired to do wonderful work. And so the work and the word grew until the children became so much interested that they gave a morning exercise on

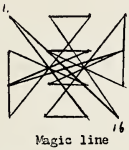
15 =	8	1	6
15 =	3	5	7
15 =	4	9	2

Magic Square of 3

Magic line of 3

34	34	34	34
1	15	14	4
12	6	7	9
8	10	11	5
13	3	2	16

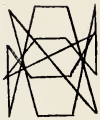
Magic Square of 4



Magic line of 4

34	34	34	34
1	14	15	4
12	7	6	9
8	11	10	5
13	2	3	16

Magic Square of 4



Magic line of 4

65	65	65	65	65
11	24	7	20	3
4	12	25	8	16
12	5	13	21	9
10	18	1	14	22
23	6	19	2	15

Magic Square of 5

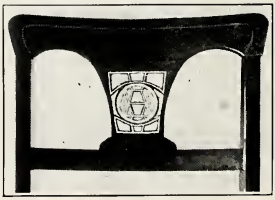
Magic line of 5

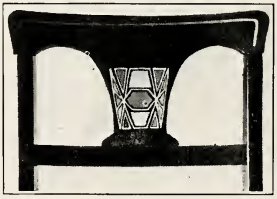
260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260
47	10	33	64	49	2	59	6
22	63	48	9	60	5	50	3
11	46	61	24	1	52	7	58
62	21	12	45	8	57	4	51
19	36	25	40	13	44	53	30
26	39	30	33	56	29	14	43
35	18	37	28	41	16	31	54
38	27	34	17	32	55	42	15

Magic Square of 8

NOTE—The magic square is an arrangement of numbers in the form of squares which when added vertically, horizontally, and diagonally give the same sum. The magic line upon which the design is based is a line formed by following the numbers in any of the squares, in order, from cell to cell, and returning to point one. Mediaeval philosophers, astrologers, and eminent mathematicians and artists were greatly interested in the magic square and hypercube. Albrecht Dürer introduced a magic square into one of his etchings called "Melancholia." The magic lines of the magic square are rich in possibilities of beautiful design. In India, the magic square is the basis of a design on the gate of the fort at Givalior, and has been used for decoration on garments.

magic squares. Finally each pupil put a design on a table or a chair as he wished, in beautiful colors. Each design was different, and still the twenty-four were harmonious, because of the similar basis used. The children put the designs on the chair backs, each filling the same space, but all using different designs. Then they lined them in, and finished with lines on the edges of the seats.





The Varied Designs on the Backs of the Chairs—built on magic square lines, finished in brilliant colors, and lined in with orange

The designs on the desks were of different shapes, but all rather small—not larger than five by five inches; they were put on top of the desks, anywhere each pupil thought best, sometimes in the middle, sometimes on the side. You may notice this in the illustration.

Picture Showing the Designs on Two of the Desks

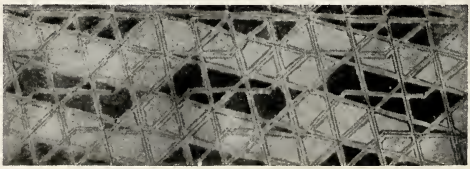
We also made a panel of tiles for each side of the west alcove. The pupils made in clay a plain tile about six by six inches, and cast as many as they needed, in plaster. These were shellaced and painted in colors—using the magic square lines of four—and an inch moulding enclosed them, painted like the woodwork. The blackboards were covered, when not in use, with curtains the color of the walls, giving large, restful spaces. The room was really beautiful and very unusual. The classes loved to come into it for art, work or rest, and we noticed that the teachers and children engaged the room for gatherings and parties when possible, so we felt that our art room was enjoyed by all and was a success.

The influence of this experience was carried out of school into personal things belonging to the pupils. For example, one boy decorated his desk at home with a magic square design. Several boys put designs made on magic square lines on their sailboats and canoes. One boy used the magic lines of the "8 square" to make a design for a book-plate for his father. Several girls used the squares

and hypercubes as a basis for embroidery designs to decorate their homes. The magic quality and interest in this work spread through the school, and many smaller children came to the room to make inquiries and find out how to work the squares into designs. We had sheets printed with 3, 4, 5, and 8 squares, so that anyone who was interested could have one.

This work gave an opportunity to teach the children design and the application of its principles to many everyday problems. They found out that balance of color and values, harmony in color and values, and interesting relation of spacing lines and masses, were equally important in a well-designed costume, a book cover, a picture and frame, a house, the furnishing of a room, a well-written paper, and many other things. They also discovered that many expensive gowns, costly houses, and rare objects of so-called art, have few art qualities; that they often lack beautiful construction as well as decoration.

It took two years to complete this work on the room. The first portion of each year it was necessary to study and experiment in design and with various kinds of motifs and units and to learn how to adapt design to material and to use color with some degree of understanding and taste. It was worth the time, for during this study the children gained much in discrimination and feeling for the best design and construction and had an opportunity to develop their creative ability and to apply it to a practical problem. This meant that they acquired a surprisingly large amount of technical knowledge and skill, and that they worked with great zest and enthusiasm because they were "making" something they would all enjoy.



All-over Pattern on Magic Line of 5

Children Putting the Designs on the Chairs

Paper cuttings used as stencils. The life of the hunter brought about the interest in animal life. Drawings of animals were made and then placed in compositions. Made by children of sixth grade.

CREATIVE EFFORT—IN DRAWING AND PAINTING

(The Younger Children)

The longing for creative expression is inherent in everyone. With children creating is as natural as speaking, and it is only when the pressure of limitations is put upon them that the work lacks the spontaneity that is instinctive. Often the request for a larger piece of paper comes, indicating the desire for freedom to compose in a larger way. To the child, art is largely a matter of narration. He loves to play, dramatize, draw, paint, dance, and sing. All that is joyous is his life, and art is the reliving of his joys.

If you visit any group of young children who have the freedom to express themselves naturally, you see that which delights your soul. I have in mind a group of six- and seven-year-olds ready for a painting lesson. They are at the door, all expectant, aprons on, pencils in hand. They go down the stairs in a friendly group to the little room where they may work undisturbed in spirit, and paint lovely pictures. Sometimes all the children know before coming what they wish to paint. Often the gay bottles with brilliant color stimulate imagination and help the choice of subject. There is always a variety of subject: boats with gay sails, with green and blue water, automobiles, busses with passengers on crowded avenues, houses and trees, gardens, pictures of stories that have been made real through dramatization, illustrations of experiences in real life. Here is a little girl painting a picture of chickens eating sprouted oats. They are white chickens, and they are eating the oats that the little girl sprouted in a flower pot with red paper around it. A blue sky, a gray wall, and two trees make the composition lovely indeed. Another child has made a picture with many people in it. The subject required people. As she finished, she said, "I put nineteen people in my picture, and they are going over the foothills."* The children in the group stopped their

*See p. 117.

work long enough to enjoy the finished picture. It is not unusual for a child to say, "I love my picture, don't you?" It is dear to his heart, this piece of worthy work, and it is admired with you in an unaffected, honest, impersonal way.

Can you imagine a school day with no opportunities for creative expression? A number of years ago, during the world war, a patriotic community thought it wisdom for the children's art and handwork time to be given over to knitting. I visited this school at such a time. I shall never forget the spirit of lethargy and quiet that I felt when I entered the room. There was not even a story read to the children. Surely there is a better and more positive patriotism than this! I am sure the knitting, however worthy, was not wise at such a sacrifice of spirit.

Education should provide experiences that would cause the child to desire to make that which has to do with beauty. Is not

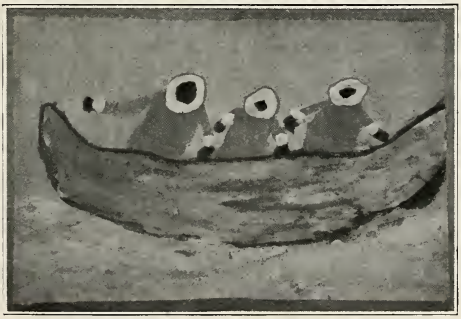
Kalsomine painting by child of first grade. These were the first paintings in this material.

honesty in effort and result the true quality of art? However simple it seems it is not easy to place the child in an unbiased atmosphere. He finds himself in an already-made esthetic environment that others have selected. Money buys that which formerly had to be created. The old-time crafts of spinning, weaving, dyeing,

Eskimo life. Painting by first grade child.

making furniture by hand, while their origin was for utility, still afforded ample opportunity for creative handiwork. This was a stimulus to the imagination, and one that the child of to-day lacks. The need to make stimulates invention, and thus causes the creative imagination to function.

The problem of art teaching to-day is largely two-fold in its difficulty: first the difficulty that children have of making form correspond to the object, and second the teacher's dictation of the problem. Such dictation is often too rigid for the child's thinking. The teacher feels he must teach the child facts. The argument of the world says that the knowing of many facts makes a wise person. But can the intellectual alone produce creative work? Does it not leave out of consideration the child's feeling? I have seen children



Eskimo life. Painting by first grade child.

Kalsomine painting by child of first grade.

come to a painting lesson so filled with suggestions from an eager teacher that it was impossible to secure creative results. A child can be made to do a piece of dictated work, but is this the purpose of education in its true meaning? Should there not be a turning away from immediate results to note the effect of the work on the child's thinking? There is loveliness in an unspoiled child's honest work. This charm of early expression, however, passes all too soon. Does this need to be so, or is the fault with our teaching? As the child matures, the outward senses are trained, but often the finer emotions are neglected. Our world to-day respects the intellect, but does it fully value the qualities that cannot be exchanged for money? In the leading colleges of the land art is non-essential. Some schools condemn a child if he is good in the arts but lacking in academics, as if the fault of poor academics resulted from good work in art. These attitudes commonly held towards an art subject may explain why the child's early creative powers are weakened as he grows older.

All great artists have a childlike spirit. Their attitude toward life is simple and direct. They give honest expression to ideas uninfluenced by popular opinion. This is a mark of greatness. The

desire for popularity has led many an artist to lose his true sense of art so that instead of expressing his own individuality he does what is popular at the time. Children sometimes do this too and imitate someone whose work appeals to them. It would be well to discourage imitation of form and composition.

The question may be asked, "When can we know that a child's work has the quality of art?" It is natural for children to be pleased with what they have made. This is not a complacent state of thought but results from having put the whole capacity to the work. An illustration was noted one year when a group of third graders were making designs for a curtain. The children were studying the Norse people and used such material as the courageous Norse would have used. When a young child does this kind of a problem, he enters into it so feelingly that for the time he has such qualities as the heroic Norse had. This is a function of the creative imagination. The children had cut Viking ships and dragon heads. The best ones were to be chosen for the pattern. When the choosing time came every child chose his own. For a moment the teacher had a shock to meet. She thought the children self-satisfied and complacent. But as she looked at the eager faces of the children, she realized that each child had done his whole best, and honesty in thinking compelled the choice. It would have been dishonest for those children to choose another's work. The problem of choice, however, was met by the teacher who told the children that only a certain number could be used and asked permission to do the choosing. That teacher resolved never to put the weight of choice in such a matter before young children. If the concept the child has

"Mopsy." *Kalsomine painting of pet dog by a seven-year-old child.

"Spotty." *Pet hen of the second grade by one of the children.

Crayon drawing showing shepherd life.

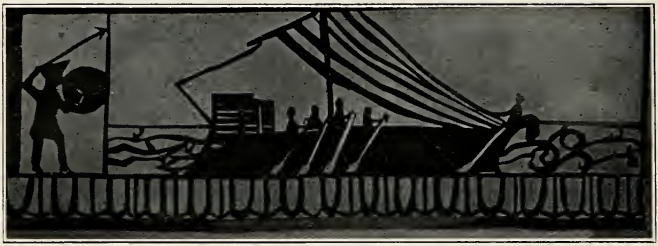
is realized in his work, it has the quality of art. This, however, can only be seen in the child's response and attitude towards his work. The reaction to the work should be a satisfied child.

I believe it is possible to educate children with such a foundation that real art will result. Being eager to create and willing to recognize the quality of art in others, is true art, is it not? As the child grows in judgment he includes others in his interest. Often quite young children appreciate others' efforts. Confidence takes the place of timidity, and with each effort the child learns control over the medium. The inspirational nature of such activity is easily seen. Technique takes care of itself, and skill develops with the

Crayon drawing showing shepherd life.

Kalsomine paintings of Greek heroes. The study of Greek history in the fourth grade gives rich possibilities for painting.

Original drawing made by two children of the fourth grade. Brown manila wrapping paper was used.



The same drawing has been traced on manila paper, shellaced, and cut as a stencil. This stencil paper is easier to cut than the heavy oiled variety.

Application of the stencil on a table runner used in the room. The application was made in brown oil paint, which makes the fabric washable.

Valance and curtain made by children of fourth grade. From original drawings made into stencils. Four curtains were made, and all children in the group helped apply the stencil. The curtains are used in the group room. The valance was made by two girls. The curtain was made by two boys.

effort to make what the child really desires to make. Colonel Parker more than thirty years ago said: "The difficulties of technique or skill are very much over-estimated. The reason for this overrating is that attempts are commonly made to make forms of expression without adequate motive and unimpelled by thought, forms that have no thought correspondence."*

This is the true reason for the need of correlation. An illustration was seen last year when a group of fourth graders designed stencils for curtains for their group room. The children were studying Greek history, and naturally their thoughts were filled with activities of the Greeks—with warriors, Greek boats in action, chariots drawn by prancing horses, temples. The design selected was done by two boys; it was a chariot and charioteer driving two spirited horses. The design was made on heavy wrapping paper, shellaced and cut. Commercial stencil paper would have been too hard to cut. The application was in brown oil paint, which made it washable. The valance of the curtain was made by two girls and shows a temple and maidens bringing offerings. This work was truly Greek in spirit. This piece of work serves to illustrate the

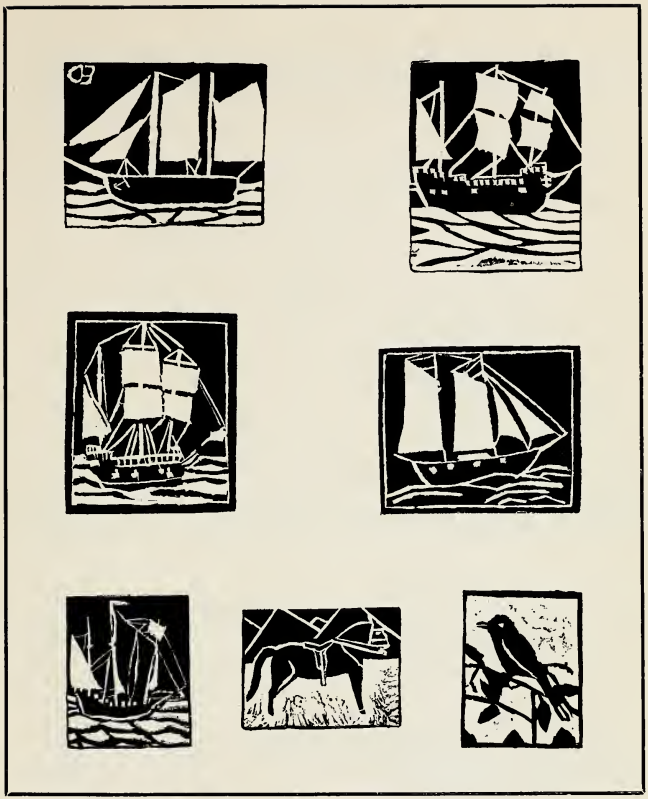
*"Talks on Pedagogics," p. 260.

fact that there must be a need so vital that beauty is the natural outcome. At no time did the children weary of the work, but were sustained throughout by thought.

It is the function of art to train the imagination to outward expression. This requires an exercise of thought. The ability to see mentally a situation present, past, or future is imagination. The child visualizes his picture before painting, and it has a definite size and shape. Our youngest children are given a choice of size of the paper. Sometimes three different sizes are chosen by children in the same group. After the selection has been made the children are expected to fit the picture to the size of the paper. Even young children have the ability to arrange their drawings so that space is well filled. In this way, unconsciously they gain an idea of composition and design.

There is no formal criticism in the younger grades. In the sixth grade, however, class criticism is introduced. The children are invited to criticize their pictures that have been placed on the wall. This criticism is a constructive one, and the child is asked to find one good thing in the picture he has chosen to criticize and one thing to make it better. It has been found that this is a better type of criticism than mere destructive criticism and one less liable to hurt a sensitive child. It keeps the tone of the class on the constructive basis. It is a simple matter for the teacher to add any remarks left out by the children. There is an alertness that makes for good work, and a coöperativeness that unifies the class.

Greek maiden praying for return of Odysseus. Modeled by a fourth grade girl. See "Creative Effort in Clay."



Linoleum prints made by children of sixth grade. The interest in block-printing originated with one boy, who asked to know how block printing was done. Others became interested; about two-thirds of the class made blocks. The wood shop glued the linoleum on the blocks. The printing was done in the school print shop.

EXPLANATION OF THE COLOR PAGES WHICH FOLLOW

PAGE 115

Upper half—"Going over the Foot-hills." The little girl who painted the picture said, "I have put nineteen people in my picture, and they are going over the foot-hills." See the article on "Creative Effort in the Morning Exercise."

Lower half—Indian poster. The poster was made of colored paper. A number of posters were made by small groups of third-graders, showing their interest in their study of early Chicago.

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Upper half—Chickens eating sprouted oats. A kalsomine painting made by a little girl who had sprouted the oats at home. The flower pot had red crépe paper around it. The chickens are pets of the second grade.

Lower half—Boat. First kalsomine painting painted by a member of the first grade. The child chose the subject.

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1. Indian village. Showing child's concept of forest, wigwams, and trails. Painted by a member of the third grade.
2. Free work. Painted by a seven-year-old boy during his summer vacation.
3. Indian village. Showing child's emotional feeling for Indian rhythm. Painted by a member of the third grade. It is interesting to note, in connection with 1 and 3, that these pictures were painted by two children sitting side by side.
4. Joseph and his brethren. An illustration from Bible stories heard in the literature period. Joseph is approaching from the mountain carrying lunch for his brothers. The brothers are pointing to the pit where Joseph is about to be thrown. Painted by a member of the second grade.
5. The Pied Piper. Painted by a member of the fifth grade.
6. Sunset. Free painting by a member of the third grade.

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Upper half—"Knights in Battle." Painted by two boys of the sixth grade.

Lower half—"The Red-Coats." Painted by a member of the sixth grade during summer vacation, after seeing the movie of "America."

PAGE 123

Six pictures from history notebooks of the sixth grade, showing individual interpretation of the same thought—George Washington and Christopher Gist approaching the hut of the French officers at Venango. Not all of the children chose this subject from the chapter; some chose other incidents. The teacher of the grade requires pictures as well as written papers. Most of the inspiration for art comes through this avenue.

1

2

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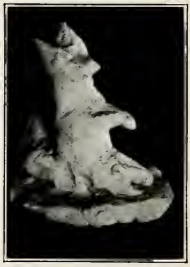
CREATIVE EFFORT—IN CLAY

Come with me and visit a group of fourth graders ready to model things that will interest you and make you question, "Where do such ideas come from?" Here are Athene with spear, helmet, and shield; Heracles overcoming the lion; Penelope weeping for Odysseus; Hermes, messenger of the Gods, skipping on his way; a Greek warrior equipped for battle and victory; a Greek chariot and horses that bring to memory the glory of Greece. The children are working in earnest, each encouraging his neighbor. Occasionally two work together combining their powers. There is a spirit of friendly interest in the group, and we hear, "I think Pat's warrior is fine, don't you?" Nixon has accomplished Heracles overcoming the lion to the satisfaction of the group. Paul has found

Pet dogs modeled by children of fourth grade.



Pet dogs modeled by children of fourth grade.

a way of making Hermes skip over the waves: he has built a wall behind his figure, attaching it so that the wet clay will not fall over. Here are dancing nymphs and Greek maidens bearing fruit.

The visitor who is unacquainted with vigorous original work accomplished by children may ask, "Where do they get such ideas?" In this instance it was brought about by their interest in history. The modeled figures represented the heroic qualities of the noble Greeks. The children were too immature to understand a study of form from the standpoint of anatomy, and yet they modeled figures with ease and delight. The work shows a nobility of thought such as the Greeks had: qualities of fearlessness, courage, and beauty.

These figures were fired but not glazed, and this gave them a natural flesh color. It is right that children have the satisfaction of

Hermes skipping over the water. The model shows how the child supported the figure with a wall.
Pat's Warrior.
Greek maiden carrying fruit.

seeing their work come to a successful completion when effort has been made. Success is a stimulus for greater effort. The confidence and power the children gain in this work is of greater value than the outward expression.

Clay is a simple medium, needing only the hands for tools. There is minimum resistance in the plastic material. We can make

Greek warrior and chariot. Modeled by boy in fourth grade.

Penelope, weeping for the return of Odysseus.

Heracles overcoming the lion. Modeled by a nine-year-old boy.

Potter at the wheel. Modeled by a member of fourth grade after a trip to Lewis Institute, Pottery Department.

clay do what we wish, for as the slight resistance is overcome, the idea is seen. This indicates the importance of having an idea clearly in mind before handling the material. At first the child expresses something he loves; he often models a pet. This year we have a variety of pet dogs. It is natural for children to make something they love. This loving thought and planning is the basis of art, and we see the result, a designed piece of work. Is it not art to do a piece of work without hope of reward but for the joy of doing? It is essential that material be used in its completeness. To do this requires designing. This is true in drawing and painting as well as in modeling. It may be asked, "How can a child have an idea of design when he has such a limited use of form?" Let us remember that the normal child has freedom as his uppermost thought. The finest emotions act as a stimulus for expression and may produce form that has beauty, line, and rhythm.

Head of girl, modeled by Gloria of fourth grade. This was her first attempt to model a head.

Viking shields made in the wood shop by pupils of the fifth grade in connection with their study of Viking history. The designs were worked out and applied in the art classes.

CREATIVE EFFORT IN THE SHOP

The Utilitarian Urge

Each year when our eighth grade meets for the first time the pupils are confronted with a miscellaneous assortment of desks, chairs, and tables, which, the teacher explains, will have to serve until each pupil can make a desk for himself. The shop teacher is called in, and there ensues a class discussion concerning the relative merits of various past models and possibilities of their improvement.

As the desks are needed at the earliest practicable time, and since eighth grade pupils can have had but a limited shop experience upon which to postulate a practicable creative image, it becomes incumbent upon the shop teacher to make clear just what kinds of desks are possible of construction by the pupils, and to analyze briefly those elements of strength and beauty that should be revealed in the construction. These constructional elements, along with such individual features as book shelves and foot rests, are the materials which the pupils attempt to organize into the concept of a desk. Drawings are made and also scale models of paper and thin wood. Finally the shop teacher selects the two or three designs that are possible of construction by the entire class, a vote is taken, and the chosen design is adopted as a model.

It seems needless to add that the great majority of designs submitted are far too involved in their construction to be suited to the skill of the average pupil. Indeed it is the rare pupil who has sufficient understanding of his own limited skill to design a desk that can be made by himself and his classmates. Nevertheless, while the desk finally chosen must reflect to a large extent the knowledge and creative skill of the shop teacher, there is a decided gain to the pupils from their attempt to comprehend the various elements of size, proportions, strength, methods of construction, and individual details, and relate them into a practicable concept.

In this particular desk the problem of design is vastly simplified by arbitrary physical conditions. The size of the desk is practically determined by available room space, and its height by the size of the pupil. Its general type and method of construction has been fixed by the shop instructor on the basis of his knowledge of the pupils' shop ability. All of this restricts the creative faculties of the pupils to a narrow field, but results in a definite plan fully worked out before the pupils enter the shop.

As a problem the desk offers important advantages for imparting shop information and developing tool skill, habits of order, and the ability to think in terms of standardized shop processes. For all instructional purposes the class is a unit. Each pupil is making a desk of the same design. Each pupil is impelled by the

Desks made by eighth grade pupils; the form, proportions, and construction were dictated by definitely utilitarian ends.

same motive—the need for a desk. From the time of its inception until its final completion in the shop the desk moves forward by definite stages, the success of which can each be measured by some shop principle or tool or by reference to the original model. Square corners, surfaces smoothly planed, joints well fitted, stain evenly applied—these are the essentials which absorb the attention of the pupil. The definite model he is copying provides him with a guide which in its execution makes the minimum demand upon his judgment, except in the selection of materials and the use of tools. Creative thought in this problem ceased when the design was completed and the first model made.

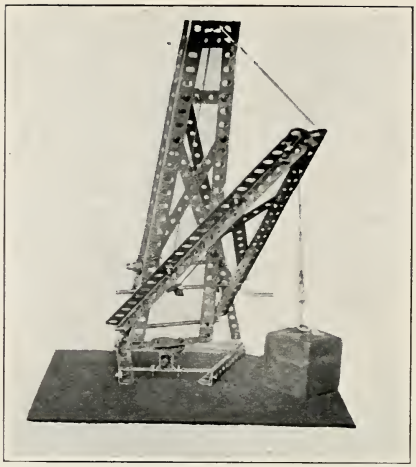
The Inventive Urge

One of our projects in which the entire school participates each year is the Santa Claus Toy Shop.* In the wood shop alone approximately 1,000 toys for charitable distribution are made or repaired. For years it has been the desire of the teachers that only toys designed by pupils be made, but as the toys are produced in quantity, after the factory plan, and as the designing of a toy suitable for large scale production involves a knowledge of tool processes, materials, and shop organization not ordinarily possessed by a pupil, it has been, up until the past year, practically impossible to utilize designs submitted by pupils.

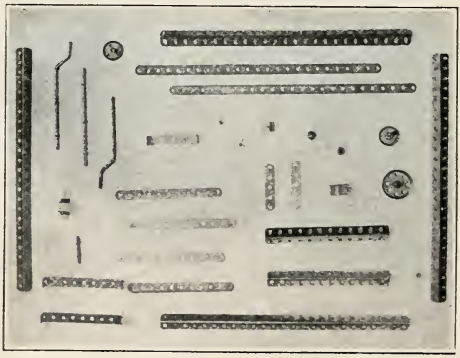
Last year a new department of the toy shop was created, a department of metal toys. One of the purposes of the new department was to utilize some of the inventiveness and ingenuity displayed by many of our boys in toys they make with their Meccano parts. As none of the pupils had had any first-hand experience working in metal, and as our shop equipment was exceedingly simple, it was imperative that we limit ourselves to only those toys easy of construction and involving simple tool processes.

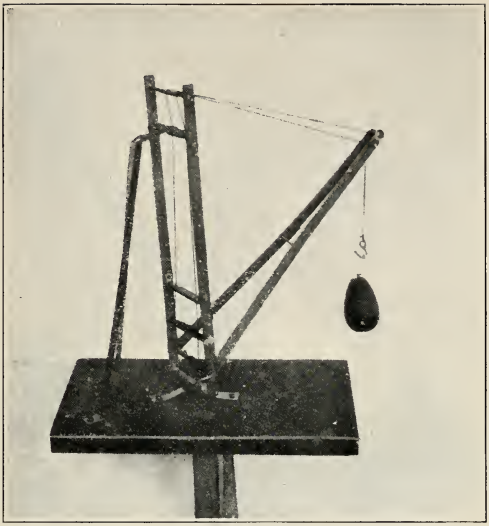
Our first concern was necessarily a toy that could be produced in quantities, but along with quantity production we desired a toy that would be attractive to the child receiving it and furnish him with the maximum amount of interesting activity. After several

*See "Studies in Education," Vol. I.

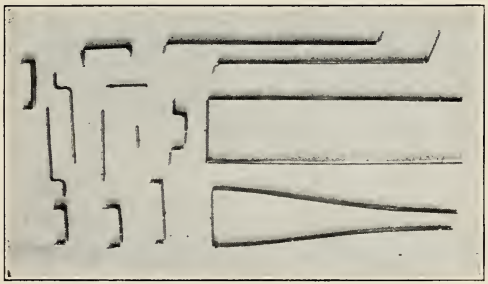


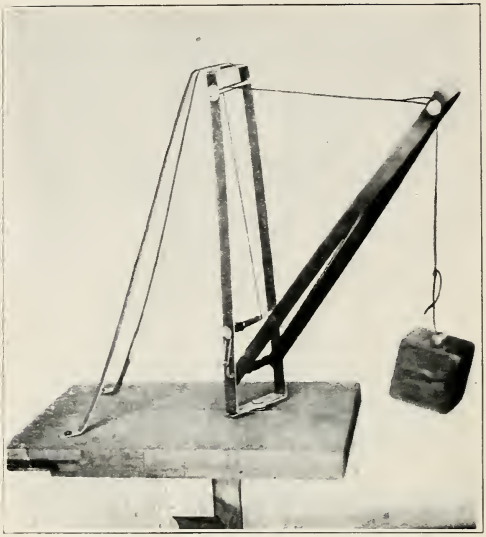
Derrick No. 1, the original model made of Meccano parts. The illustration below shows the parts entering into its construction. An analysis of the two illustrations reveals the determining influence of the Meccano parts on the size, proportions, and general design of the derrick.



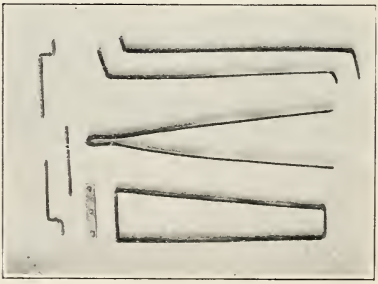


Derrick No. 2, a modification of the original model in terms of materials available in the shop. Although greatly simplified the model proved not practicable for quantity production, because of the difficulty of shaping the parts with a limited shop equipment.





Derrick No. 3. Although made up of just eight parts this model retains every essential of the original, while each part has been designed to satisfy the conditions of quantity production with very simple equipment.



group discussions the problem resolved itself into the designing of a toy derrick.

The first model submitted was made by a tenth grade boy. As shown in the illustration it was made up of 37 Meccano parts. No sooner was it presented to the group of experimenters than it became apparent to all that it would be impossible to make a large number of derricks of such a complicated model.

The same boy set out to design a simpler derrick of the same general type. Instead of using Meccano parts, which in themselves have already been through numerous manufacturing processes and standardized as to forms and sizes, the boy was limited to the use of materials and processes available in the shop. Model No. 2 shows the result of his efforts. Although greatly simplified and reduced to 17 parts the model retains the essential features of Model No. 1, that is, the swivel frame and rising and falling boom.

No further simplification seeming possible at this time the group set out to make the first unit of 25 derricks after Model No. 2. Before a dozen derricks had been completed numerous difficulties and limitations in tools and processes began to appear, difficulties and limitations which through lack of experience the pupils had not foreseen. At the same time appeared several possibilities for improving and simplifying the design, based on the increased knowledge secured during the building of the first twenty-five.

Again the original designer with the help of the entire group applied himself to the problem of a model better suited to the production conditions with which they were now somewhat familiar. The result is shown in Model No. 3. Here we have a derrick composed of but 14 parts, each of which has been clearly conceived, not alone in relation to every other part, but also in relation to the conditions under which this particular part could be produced efficiently under the limited conditions of our particular shop. After making a large number of derricks of this model none of the group could suggest further improvement; so it was accepted as complete.

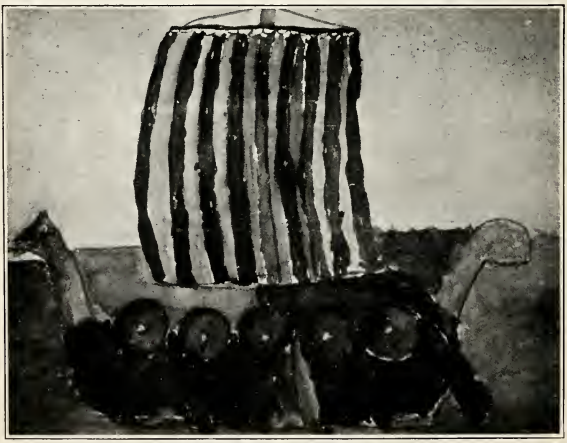
The Emotional Urge

Every boy at some stage of his development reveals a marked interest in boats. That there is something deeply fundamental in

this interest becomes apparent when one learns that it is confined to no one nation, nor to any section of the earth. The boy in the small American village, far from a natural water course, when he launches the schooner he has shaped from a piece of cedar, upon the temporary pond the spring rains have formed, manifests the same intense pleasure that is shown by the Chinese boy with his miniature junk.

Whether or not it be the sense of freedom, romance, and adventure that boats, particularly sailing craft, symbolize to the boy, remains for the psychologists to determine; for the shop teacher it is sufficient that whenever boys are permitted and encouraged to make in the shop those things which lie nearest to their deepest interests, water craft of all kinds are a favored choice.

Our fifth grade class had been studying the Vikings. For several weeks much of the work had been centered in the life and historical development of these hardy Norsemen. It is doubtful if any normal boy above the age of eight could without developing a strong emotional attitude come into such intimate contact with a race in whose history and myths there is blended those elements of

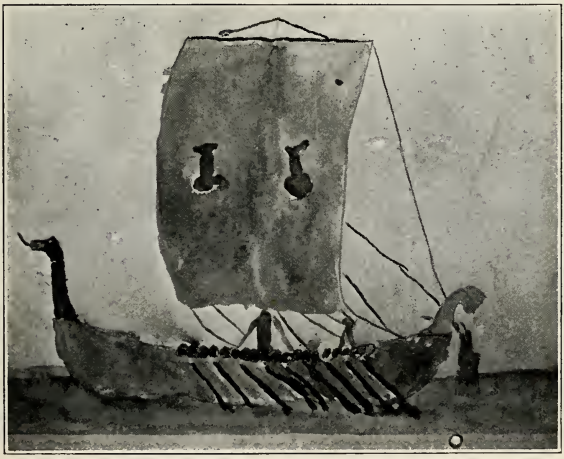


Fifth grade painting of Viking ship.

mystery, romance, bravery, and love of freedom and adventure, together with a childlike simplicity of motive.

In various forms this emotional attitude was expressed by members of the class. With some it took literary form. Some made up a play representing Leif Ericson in Greenland. Still others made highly decorative shields. With several of the boys and one in particular, "Viking" could be adequately expressed only through a dragon ship.

From the moment this boy entered the shop it was evident that he had already formed a very definite image of what his craft should be like. After its crude lines began to take shape it became apparent that the lad was making no copy of an historical model, nor was he following the accepted proportions of the conventional Viking ship. Nevertheless, except when called upon for assistance in overcoming technical difficulties in the use of tools, the shop teacher maintained a "hands off" policy, on the supposition that, since the concept in the boy's mind was unique to himself and already definitely formed, it would be wisest for the teacher to suppress his own ideas of a Viking ship and let the boy's concept, crude



Fifth grade painting of Viking ship.

and historically incorrect as it was, reach its final realization in material form. In this particular case the final result is shown in the illustration.

So far as shop processes and the use of tools are concerned the boy making the Viking ship had experienced less than any of the pupils making desks, but to the extent that tools and materials were necessary to the expression of what was to him a much desired end, to just that extent has he made the knowledge and experience he has gained a part of himself. Through the choosing, directing, and shaping of materials to the end of realizing a significant concept the boy has gained much intellectually, while the reaction of the

Viking ship by fifth grade pupil.

Viking ship by fifth grade pupil.

image with which he started to the characteristics and limitations of the materials and processes used in its realization has resulted in a more vitalized concept and an intellectual framework to sustain it.

Of still greater value, and a value that carries over into every activity of life, is the power the boy has experienced of concentrating all of his faculties, emotional, mental, and physical, placing them at the service of a creative image, and sustaining them until the image is realized.

Summary

A brief comparison of the origin and conditions determining the development of the creative impulses underlying the three shop problems cited will perhaps better reveal their essential differences.

In the case of the desk the outstanding factor was the utilitarian motive which gave immediate direction to and definitely limited the creative thought. To a very large extent the design was

determined by arbitrary physical conditions. The interest of the pupils was chiefly intellectual and objective. They needed desks. Furthermore, conditions beyond their control determined the particular type of desk.

The problem offered little stimulus for an emotional response even had there been time to develop the necessary background of feeling. Indeed, it is extremely doubtful if any article of furniture could arouse a genuine emotional thrill in an elementary school pupil. Whatever meaning furniture has in his mental world, it rarely has associations that spring from his imagination.

Nor was there opportunity for a problem-solving interest in working out the desk design, since the testing out of ideas in their final form in a desk would require far more time than was available. In its completed form the desk is an excellent example of utilitarian ends determining the form of expression and furnishing the motive for action.

In the derrick we have an example of utilitarian ends determining the design but not the motive for action. The derrick stands for no need that the pupil feels personally. His interest is on the inventive, problem-solving plane. In the beginning he intentionally sets out to design a derrick. His concept is entirely vague. He is in that state of mind when any one of a dozen different types of derricks would correspond with his jelly-like concept.

Experimenting with the partially formed and suggestive materials of his Meccano set, the boy evolves Model No. 1, resulting in a distinct clarification of his mental image. After having definitely chosen and made a particular type of derrick, his next stage of development comes when he attempts to separate his concept of derrick from its arrangement of Meccano parts and express it in the materials available in the shop. He becomes very conscious that the toy he has produced with comparative ease with ready-prepared materials offers insurmountable barriers to production under the conditions of the shop. An analysis of his first model reveals that its essential features are the swivel frame and rising and falling boom. His problem is the simplification of his concept so as to retain these essentials in relation to the limitations of shop processes and materials of which he has for the first time become conscious. Model No. 2 reveals the second stage of his developing thought.

The final stage is reached when an unsuccessful attempt is made to produce Model No. 2 in quantities. The boy at this point

comes to realize that the production of any article in quantities involves factors that are not at all present when but a single model is to be made. Once more he is forced to re-analyze his concept and to re-conceive it in terms of the processes and organization necessary to quantity production. The result is shown in Model No. 3. Not until this stage was reached and the design tested out in the production of a large number did the original creative impulse reach its full maturity.

With the Viking ship the origin of the concept and motive for its expression are predominately subjective. Unlike the desk and the derrick, which were made for definitely material uses, this boy is making his boat because it is his best way of controlling a mass of surging feelings that to him stand for the Vikings. It is his way of organizing and giving significance to a part of his inner life that his study of the Vikings has made him conscious of.

To one in close sympathy with what the boy is trying to accomplish it is evident that his craft is far more to him than just a boat—consciously or otherwise the dragon ship is to him an organizing idea, a nucleus as it were around which and through which he is attempting to express the most significant characteristic that he knows, feels, or imagines about the Vikings. Once his mental image becomes emotionally powerful enough to demand expression, his senses become keenly alive to every bit of information he can get, not only about the boats of the Vikings, but of their dress, customs, religion, voyages, and heroes. Many facts he had before learned suddenly take on a new significance, particularly such bits of history as relate to their boats. For the time being the boy has become closely identified with the life of this historic people. Long before his tiny craft is completed he is riding out a gale in the North Sea, founding a colony in sunny Sicily, raiding the Norman coast, or discovering Greenland with Leif Ericson. He knows the "feel" of the oars, sees himself at the "steere" board, senses the thrill of the sea in an open boat. To him his craft is symbolic of all these experiences, and in creating the symbol he has made these experiences a part of himself. Through the sustained effort his ship has called forth, the boy has fused in his memory great masses of impressions and information which would otherwise have remained dormant, undigested, vague, and incomplete.

Unlike the pupils making desks the Viking ship boy has no

standardized shop tests with which to measure the progress of his work. Because his concept was unique, growing out of his emotional response to the Vikings, the success of his work could be measured only by the adequateness of its correspondence to his mental image. At every stage of its construction there was a constantly recurring demand upon his imagination and judgment, and a continuous conflict between his mental concept and the resistant materials with which he was working. Aside from the physical limitations of his materials and his lack of technical skill the responsibility for his work rested solely on himself—the clarity of his mental image and the skill with which he selected from the world of his imagination those elements which would best express his concept.

It is not the intention of the present article to attempt to define those school and shop conditions that give rise to the highest degree of genuine creative interest. In general any shop problem that in the pupil's mind stands for some deeply fundamental interest, is potential material for creative thought. By far the most significant change taking place today in the elementary school shop is the substitution of problems with an emotional and human appeal for time-honored problems such as furniture construction. The normal child seldom or never reveals a direct and spontaneous interest in any object which to him symbolizes fixed conditions of life, regardless of the fact that such conditions may have an immense influence on the enhanced freedom which mankind as a mass is feeling. But in all of those symbols of a freer interchange of thought and commodities between the races of the earth, in transportation and communication, in radio, electric power, boats, autos, railways, and air travel, the normal child has a direct and spontaneous interest. Psychologically he is born in an age when science is blossoming as never before, and important recent discoveries and inventions, regardless of their significance to adult life, symbolize to the child a vast freeing of the human spirit from many traditional limitations. The child of to-day senses the meaning of radio and air travel far better than his elders, and just to the extent that the school shop will provide conditions for forms of shop work that will express the new spirit, to just that extent will its output be of a genuinely creative quality.

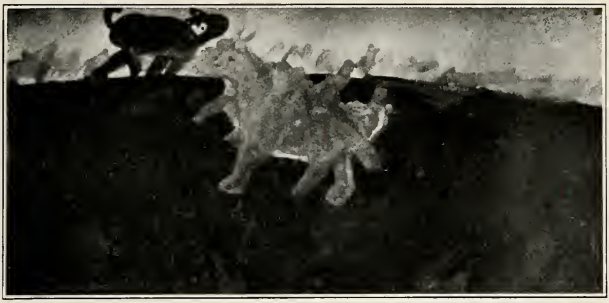
CREATIVE EFFORT IN THE MORNING EXERCISE

"You see," said Dexter, "they've tethered the goat."

This eighth grade boy was enchanted by the second grade sand table story on exhibition in the lower hall that morning. He happened to be explaining it to me, his teacher, but anyone would have served as audience. In fact, anyone near at hand would have had to serve as audience to this enthusiast. The sand table was indeed worthy of the attention of an adult and even of an eighth grader. On the sand table one could see clearly foothills and a mountain. The hills were made of boxes filled with sprouted grass, and the mountain was made of bare rocks piled high. The hills were covered with paper trees on wooden bases. Among the trees we saw clay men standing, and a woman milking a cow. The animals—cows, calves, goats, and sheep—were tethered, as Dexter had pointed out, to the trees. In one spot there was a hole covered

Two wild goats guarding the flock.

Tether-peg milking the first tame cow.



Wild bull caught in a trap.

with sticks and grass, and in this hole lay a clay cow. This, to those who understood, was a bull caught in a trap. Now let our eyes travel up the mountain. For a while there are still paper trees. They grow scarcer and scarcer, however, as our eyes go higher, and soon timber line is reached. But we have seen clay sheep feeding freely on the higher stretches. Above timber line there is a plateau, and here are the wild goats. The very top is snow capped by cotton. There is one thing more which makes the sand table picture achieve perfection, a waterfall. You, I suppose, are as dull as I, and do not know how it was made, but fortunately we have a guide. Hidden among the rocks is a rubber tube which has its higher end in a pail of water. The second grade has cemented the path which the brook takes so that it will be solid, and the water flows out through a hole at the far end of the sand table.

It was our privilege to start the day pleasantly by seeing this exhibit, because on that morning the second grade was going to have an exercise about the early herdsmen. You may well imagine that with such a precursor we expected the very best, and as we entered the Old Gymnasium our spirits were high, for from the pictures on the stage and the arrangement of the chairs we gathered that we would not be disappointed. The Old Gymnasium is a rather small room with a stage on one side. But we could see that the acting would not be on the stage, for the curtain was covered with gay pictures. These pictures were made with kalsomine.*

*See illustrations, pages 145-147.

They showed shepherds with their flocks; the caves in which the primitive people lived; the owl, the bird of night; the eagle, the sky bird; and many other important subjects. With the stage forming one side, the chairs were arranged on the other three sides of a hollow rectangle. In this open space we knew the second grade would have its play. Before the play, however, there were stories. I have, perhaps, written too long before giving the stories themselves, but all these things, the sand table, the pictures, the small room, the intimacy of the hollow rectangle, made our emotional attitude toward this exercise one of anticipation and cordiality, and I hope your feelings correspond to ours. Here are the stories as the children told them:

Raymond—We have been reading a book called "The Early Herdsmen," *and it is about people who lived a long time ago. They had funny names, like Tether-peg, Spin-a-thread, Root-digger, Pick-a-tree, and a lot of other funny names like that. I will now tell you how the leader of the clan got his name. When he was a little boy his name was Little Beaver. Before Little Beaver was four years old, his mother gave him a little puppy dog. The puppy dog's name was Cubby. Little Beaver taught Cubby to stand on her hind legs and beg for a bone, and when she begged for it she always got it. In a year Cubby was a full-grown dog, but Little Beaver was still a little boy. One day Little Beaver missed Cubby. He looked and called her everywhere, until he came to a hollow place in an oak tree, and there he found Cubby and four baby puppy dogs. So then he had five dogs. Then in another year those four dogs were full-grown and they had litters of puppies, so that by the time Little Beaver was a full grown man he had such a large pack of dogs that they called him Many-dogs, and they made him leader of the clan. And then he married a woman called Tether-peg, and they went to live in a different place.

Ruth—In winter the people lived in the valley because it was warmer than on the hills, and in the valleys the trees kept the cold winds away. They had their camp near water for drinking and cooking. Here is a picture of one of their pits (pointing to pic-

*The Early Herdsmen," by Katherine Dopp. This book has been published since our "Studies in Education, Volume VII," and bridges a gap in the second grade history therein described.

ture held up by another child). It was really a hole in the ground, deep enough for them to stand up in and wide enough for them to lie down. The roof-hole was a circle three feet across, and they measured it in a very funny way. They measured it with their feet because they hadn't any rulers in those days.

To make the wall stronger, they wove hazelnut branches together and pushed them against the wall, and they daubed clay against that, and they did the same thing for the covering of the roof. For a door they dug a tunnel through the earth, to the top of the ground, and that kept the cold wind out. This is a picture of a hazelnut basket. It has hazelnuts in it for winter. They ate those in winter.

Betty—When summer came, the people were glad to get out of the pits. It was dark and cold in the pits. As soon as summer came, the wild cattle, sheep, and goats went up into the foothills, and the people moved with them. They were hunters, and they hunted for their food. Many-dogs and Big-crow were their leaders. It took them a long time to get in line. It was a long journey, and the people grew tired. Many-dogs blew on his horn and beat his drum and said,

"We are going to the foothills,
We are going to the foothills,—
That is a good place to dwell."

And the people answered him and said,

"Yes, we are going to the foothills,
We are going to the foothills,—
That is a good place to dwell."

Last year's second grade made up a tune to these words, and some of them are going to sing it.

Here some of last year's second grade sang the song which you will find on page — of this book.

Joan—Many-dogs and Tether-peg had two children, named Little Bear and Days'-eye. They got dreadfully tired of living in the pits all winter, because the pits were dark and close. They liked summer very much, because they could play and do things. I made up a little poem about what they liked to do:

"I am happy that summer is here.
Now I can swim,

Now I can pick flowers,
Now I can get fresh air.
I am happy that summer is here."

Louise—From the valley to the foothills was a three-days' journey. When they got to the foothills they chose a cool hill that was shaded by oak trees. Before they unpacked, Tether-peg looked around and said, "Let us first make friends with the gods of this place," and she looked around and saw a beautiful oak tree. Mistletoe grew on its branches, and they called it the sacred oak tree. Then she built the sacred fire, and when they were eating their night's meal they saw a beautiful light glowing on the mountain top, but it was dark in the valley, and looking at the mountains they sang,

"We turn our backs to the dark valley;
We turn our faces to the light."

Soon it was twilight in the foothills, and when the snow-capped mountains were dark the people were asleep.

Lester—Early the next morning the men started off with their bows and arrows, away up in the mountains beyond the forest line. They were trying to catch some goats. The goats were not easy to catch, because they lived in flocks and the leader would give the signal when there was any danger and they would all jump to the rocks. But Many-dogs was lucky that day. He shot an eagle and carried home a kid. He got the kid from the eagle's talons. When Do-little and Eat-well saw the kid, they said, "Let's kill it, let's kill it," but when Little Bear and Days'-eye heard them they said, "No, no, let's keep it for a pet."

Madge—Of course the next morning the baby goat wanted some milk. The children didn't have any milk to give it, because they had never tamed any animals before. But Many-dogs said, "Never mind, I will go up to the mountains again and get the mother goat." It was a long, hard trip, but he got the mother goat. He tied her legs together and brought her home on his back. He brought her home alive.

Jack—When the kid was old enough to eat grass by itself, Tether-peg tethered it to one tree and the mother to another tree, and then she got a wooden bowl and milked the mother goat, and the mother goat kicked—she was not used to being milked before.

Tether-peg gave all the milk to the children, and they liked it so much that they wanted more. Then Many-dogs captured some more goats, and they captured some wild sheep. The last animals they learned how to tame were wild cows, and then they had all the milk they wanted.

Jane—The people lived so long ago they didn't know about many things. They thought the sky was flat, and because the sky looked flat they thought it was a great tent, and that the high mountains were the tent poles. They didn't know that the earth turned around the sun, and that when we had day over in China they had night, and that day always followed night. And they didn't like the dark, cold winter nights. They thought that darkness was stronger than light, and they feared that the light would never come back again. Then they didn't know about the four seasons, spring, summer, fall, and winter. They thought summer was a lovely god, because she brought them warmth and food. They thought winter was a terrible god because he brought them no warmth and no food.

Grace—The people thought the sky and the sun were gods, too. The eagle was their sacred bird. They called it sky's messenger, because it flew high up in the blue sky and built its nest on the high mountain top. The birds they didn't like were the owl and the raven. They wanted to scare them away. So they built a great sacred fire to light up the hills and bring summer back.

Robert—We made a sand table story of the people's summer home, and you can see that we have the goats and cows and calves tethered to the trees near the camp. The mountain has two plateaus, one above forest line and the other amongst the trees. The goats are on the higher plateau, and the sheep are in the one among the trees. We have a real waterfall, and in case anybody would like to see it we would be glad to show it after the exercise.

The stories attained our highest hopes. I shall speak later of the quite irrelevant thoughts I had as a teacher. I doubt if I had them until after the exercise. At the time I was glad to know how Many-dogs received his name; that he married Tether-peg, and that they had two children, Little-beaver and Days'-eye. The attitude of the early herdsmen toward night and day, towards winter and summer, was of the highest interest, and their mode of living

during these two seasons was of great importance. It was well I had concentrated on the stories, for they gave the necessary background for what followed, and I was well prepared for any phase of early-herdsman life when Joe, as stage manager, said: "We made a play, and we made a song to go with it. The name of the play is How Summer Came.' The Crow Clan lived here (pointing to different corners of the rectangle), and the Bear Clan lives here, and the Eagle Clan lives here, and Many-dog's family lives here in the center, and Summer lives down south there."

A PLAY

HOW SUMMER CAME

Scene I

(Many-dogs and his family are huddled together around their fire. The children shiver.)

Little-beaver—I'm cold!

Many-dogs—I'll fix up the fire.

Tether-peg—Be careful, Little-beaver, or you'll burn yourself.

(Little-beaver cuddles up to Many-dogs.)

Little-beaver—I wish winter would go away.

Many-dogs—Winter is a hungry beast.

Tether-peg—Yes, winter is worse than a pack of hungry wolves.

Day's-eye—Can't we scare winter away?

Many-dogs—Winter is too terrible a god for us to fight alone.

Tether-peg—Let's call all the clans together.

Day's-eye—Here's your horn, daddy, blow it.

(Many-dogs blows loudly. The clans answer softly. They come quickly, saying, "What is it, what is it?" They sit in a large circle. All the people look cold and very unhappy. The wise woman rises to speak to them.)

Tether-peg—Winter has driven summer away. Summer is weak and tired, and she will never come back unless we help her. (All crouch down and weep.) Summer's friends are sick. Help us to frighten winter away.

Spin-a-thread—I am the clan mother. My people will help you. What shall we do?

Many-dogs—The earth has forgotten summer. Earth is asleep. Let's awaken her.

All—Yes, yes, let's awaken her!

Big-crow—Beat the drum. Make a loud noise. The Crow Clan will dance and stamp their feet. We will awaken the earth.

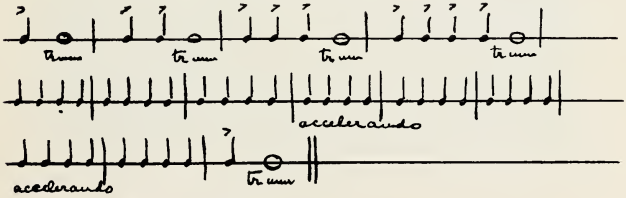
WAKING THE EARTH DANCE

Robert composed this dance. It is danced by six children. A stamp. A jump on both feet. Listen in with ear bent toward the earth during the whole note.

Two stamps—a jump.

Three stamps—a jump.

Four stamps—a jump.



The jump is represented by a whole note, to show how the posture is held while the performer looks at the earth and listens for a sign of response to his efforts to rouse the earth from its slumber. Then begins quick, energetic stamping, increasing in a gradual accelerando to a run, ending after eight measures in a final and supreme jump.

(At last the dancers sink down. All the people moan and curl up on the floor.)

Scene II

(Leader of the Eagle Clan sits up, exclaiming.)

Leader—I have a plan! You all know the eagle.

All—Yes, yes.

Leader—He is a strong bird and he is the sky's messenger.

All—That's so!

Leader—Let's bring the eagle down to earth. He will swoop down and in his great talons carry off winter.

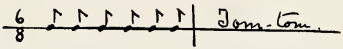
All—Play the eagle dance!

THE EAGLE DANCE

Composed by Kerlin. The leader of the dance is a big boy. All the eagle tribe are tall and straight. The leader begins to dance

The eagles flying. The photographs had to be taken out-of-doors because of the light.

The eagles swooping.



by giving the eagle's cry, raising his arms in powerful flight, thrusting his head forward. He searches for Winter, to carry him off in his powerful talons. He circles around the tribe, occasionally swooping downward with a shrill cry and flying far away in his search. But he comes back defeated and sinks to the earth with a cry of discouragement.

Leader (discouraged)—The eagle is not as strong as we thought.

Root-digger—We have tried all these dances, and none of them worked; not anything happened. I am so tired; I am going to sleep.

All—So am I, so am I.

(All the clan fall asleep. Many-dogs moves and stretches, sits up, and rubs his eyes.)

Many-dogs (surprised)—I can't see my hand! Where is Little-beaver? What a dark night it is! (An owl hoots.) That's the owl.

All—I'm afraid, I'm afraid. (They huddle together.)

Day's-eye—Don't get up, mother. I'm afraid.

Tether-peg—Bird of night, come not to our home. You love darkness; you love winter. (The owl hoots again.)

Drag-a-load—We must drive that evil bird away.

All—Yes, yes.

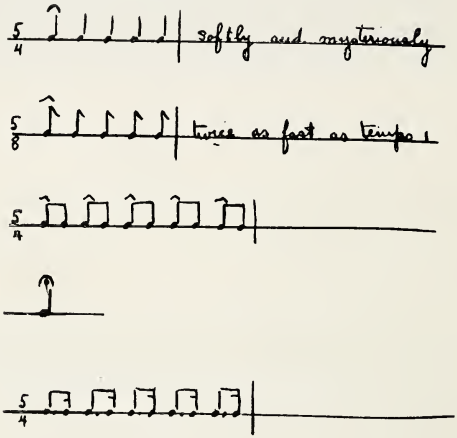
Many-dogs—Dance the sacred fire dance. Get sticks and branches and build a sacred fire.

Drag-a-load—Yes, we will light up the hills and bring summer back.

(Build fire and dance about.)

(Owl flits away.)

SACRED FIRE DANCE



The dancers quietly and quickly build up the fire, then crouch and blow the flame. As it begins to burn, they circle around the fire, representing the slowly mounting flames. The leader jumps and turns in the air on the first count of the measure; the second does this in the second measure; and each one in turn does it once. They all jump every two counts. They pause for a moment to seize a burning brand from the fire, which they use as a torch while leaping wildly in the circle, blowing their horns and trying by their wild efforts to frighten away the darkness and bring back the light and warmth.

Blowing the flame.

The flame is leaping up from the fire.

Drag-a-load—We have driven the owl away, but summer is not yet here.

(All cry and again curl up on the floor.)

Day's-eye—The fire has gone out. I'm cold, mother.

Tether-peg—Dear summer, do come back to us. We are trying our best to help you. We love you.

(Summer and two birds sit up when they hear Tether-peg.)

Summer—Why, I thought I heard some one calling me. I must have been asleep. I am sure I felt the earth trembling. It must have been the flowers trying to push up through the ice and snow. And I heard great wings in the air. It must have been the wild geese flying north. I must go back to my friends in the north. I will send the birds ahead of me to tell them I am coming.

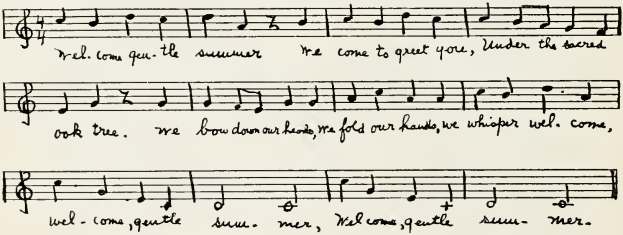
(Birds fly away chirping to awaken the people.)

All—Wake up! wake up! the birds are singing.

Summer stops to pick wild flowers and then runs gayly into the middle of the circle.

Summer—"I'm here, I'm here."

Tether-peg—Let us sing a greeting to summer.



That was the exercise. We had seen pictures and heard stories and a song. We had seen a play which had dancing and singing in it. The Diaghlieff Ballet, itself, had not appealed to more senses, and as a result of this many-sided appeal the audience had received a vivid impression.

What of the actors? What had been their experience? After having read about the early herdsmen* the children wished to share their knowledge with other members of the school. You may not

be willing to call the result of their effort "art," but at least you must admit that its source is the same as that of art. From what impulse does art arise if not from the desire to express for others a vital moment?

In their school life these children have many opportunities for expressing themselves and for doing creative work. In preparing this exercise their first thought was to write stories and a play which would tell others of the life of the early herdsmen and make them for a brief space live that life. By means of pictures, music, and dances they were able to make the school share the picture in their mind's eye. Did they succeed in this undertaking? They did for me, and I am sure they did for others. I suppose it is hard to imagine human beings farther removed from each other than eighth graders and second graders; yet the second grade earned the highest praise of the eighth grade.

"That was a good play, all right," many eighth graders said, "almost as good as the one we gave when we were in second grade."

Kaisomine painting by child in second grade, showing a method of threshing in early shepherd life. See "Creative Effort in Drawing and Painting."

MISCELLANY AND MORALS

Chesterton remarks somewhere that no one needs to define a chair or a cat because everyone knows what a chair and a cat are. The editorial committee at work on this book made the same assumption in regard to "creative effort"; and the articles contributed by half a score of teachers without collaboration seem to bear out the committee's belief; or the book, perhaps, explains what we mean by the phrase we have adopted.

This book cannot do more than suggest the whole picture. And we have for the most part omitted mention of the enormously variable creative element in many non-academic school activities, though it is present rather surprisingly often. For instance it appears in an unpredictable quantity in the evening meetings of the "Forum," which occur monthly and are open to all high school pupils. The Forum is an organization composed of seven groups which would otherwise exist separately as dramatic, debating, art, literature, science, music, and glee club societies. The children choose the group to which they will belong, make their programs, and conduct their meetings with little help or restriction. Such creativeness as they possess thus finds some outlet here. In connection with student self-government,* a large number of situations occur which call upon pupils to make something: a new constitution (how often!), or a carefully formulated proposal to the assembly, or a nicely built speech of defense or attack—to say nothing of the fact that they build in air an experience in democratic government.

Creative possibilities are almost unlimited, we say, in many departments. Ideally the statement were true. In reality every teacher is handicapped by limitations of time, space, and tools or materials, and by an oversupply of children (from the viewpoint of right pedagogy). Our school is decidedly unideal in some of these particulars. It sometimes seems that we must sacrifice one value or another. We can, we are tempted to exclaim, teach more technique on the one hand, or on the other hand stimulate more of a

*Pamphlet available. See list at end of book.

genuine creative spirit. As a matter of fact, this dilemma has only one horn. Experience convinces us more and more that the essentials of technique are taught more rapidly and more efficiently in relation to work motivated by creative impulses—indeed, that technique cannot be taught so rapidly and efficiently in any other way. Moreover, the creative attitude of mind can enter the teaching and learning of facts and habits.

Perhaps we seem to stretch our term. But one member of the faculty writes:

"The point which it seems to me needs emphasis is the *creative attitude of mind,* the habit of self-expression which fosters and produces artistic creation. While this statement seems rather axiomatic, the attitude certainly fails very often to be evident in a class room. In visiting other schools, and in different groups in this school, it is interesting to note the difference in this particular. Groups range from the stolid, passive type through that more deceptive phase where responsiveness is mistaken for and accepted as creative thinking, to the highly independent, constructive, creative attitude that is happily characteristic of some schools.

"It seems to me practical and necessary for each one of us to consider the conditions that nourish and stimulate creativeness and to analyze the symptoms of its presences. The higher phases of artistic creativeness begin or at least are present with cruder, simpler phases.

"The very attitude of questioning is essentially creative. Criticism, suggestion, initiative, invention, any original thinking, is the soil of creative effort.

"To gain the most vital creative response in literature, music, or art, we need to cultivate it in mathematics, spelling, silent reading, the daily household tasks, in every activity which makes up the day. When a child in learning to subtract perceives that to subtract $ .42 from $ .50 one dime must be changed to ten pennies, and he thinks his minuend as 4 dimes and 10 pennies, and then jumps at the next step, saying 'I see, then, when you take $ .92 from $1.00 you change the dollar to 10 dimes'—that child has been creative. You may say that it is merely logical inference, but I maintain, on the contrary, that he has employed logical inference to *create a process,* to him wholly new.

"When a teacher puts the word *fountain* into a spelling list and a child objects, 'Why do you include that word, since we had *mountain* the other day? Why don't we just have one list of all those words?' he has made a contribution to pedagogy. That teachers may have conceived that device before does not lessen the creative value of the act to the child.

"The habitual practice of

(1) providing an opportunity and motive for expression after any new vivid experience
(2) maintaining genuine motive for all work
(3) welcoming suggestion and criticism from the children
(4) watching the process of thinking rather than the result of a child's thinking

is highly important pedagogically in developing creativeness.

"If we combine with this, attention to right conditions for expression and the constant building up of standards of beauty through the experience and enjoyment of great literature, music, and art, creative results from the children are inevitable. Passivity —that condition which most nearly simulates death—is the one condition in which creativeness cannot exist. Conditions that are vital, life-giving, stimulate and develop it."—*E. A. W.*

To return, however, to the educational experiences which are less debatably creative, the writers of the many sections of our discussion have stated, again without collaboration, a surprisingly large number of similar or complementary conclusions. For the sake of convenience we quote from ourselves:

Reasons for Creative Effort

"The longing for creative expression is inherent in everyone. With children it is as natural as speech, and it is only when the pressure of limitation is put upon them that the work lacks the spontaneity that is instinctive. The child.....loves to play, dramatize, draw, paint, dance, and sing. All that is joyous is his life, and art is the reliving of his joys."—*M. C.*

"The whole.....makes an expression which is joyous and spontaneous, both necessary elements of true creative art."—*M. C.*

"There is ability in children to create which is not being discovered early enough, if at all. Creative talent great enough to

demand expression for itself will usually take care of itself, but lesser talent ought to be developed also—for the good of the individual, if not for the rest of the world."—*H. G.*

"The finer emotions act as a stimulus for expression and may produce form that has beauty, line, and rhythm."—*L. D. H.*

Conditions for Creative Effort

"We believe that if a pupil has the necessary leisure, and the right kind of stimulation and help, he may discover for himself a whole new range of power and joy in this work."—*H. G.*

"The process must be really free. Most of the instruction should come incidentally out of the pupil's own felt need for it, and must never interfere with the joy of free expression."—*H. G.*

"To approximate the ideal conditions for true dramatic and creative expression, the class room must supply, as nearly as possible, the freedom that is present when the children, wholly self-motivated, self-directed, self-expressive, play their story unobserved by critical eyes and ears."—*J. M.*

Increased Accuracy of Impression

"When the attention of the child has been attracted and his interest aroused, there follows a lively interest or mental picture. The child then has an impulse to give some expression to this mental picture. He may give it pantomimic expression or vocal expression, or he may attempt to express it by means of a diary, or to give it some physical embodiment, as in clay. The fuller the impression, the more permanent the idea. The very art of expression causes the individual to realize the points of cloudiness in his impression, tends to make him return to the mental impression and exercise closer observation. The closer observation is possible because the art of expression has clarified the thought and left the mind free for restimulation and for a larger and more truthful impression. Reimpressed, the individual is ready for a new expression of the fuller mental picture, and so the process goes on."—*J. M.*

Inspiration and Technique

"I believe it is possible to educate children with such a foundation that real art will result. Being eager to create and willing

to recognize the quality of art in others, is true art, is it not? As the child grows in judgment he includes others in his interest. Often quite young children appreciate others' efforts. Confidence takes the place of timidity, and with each effort the child learns control over the medium. The inspirational nature of such activity is easily seen. Technique takes care of itself, and skill develops with the effort to do what the child really desires. Colonel Parker, more than thirty years ago, said, 'The difficulties of technique or skill are very much over-estimated. The reason for this over-rating is that attempts are commonly made to make forms of expression without adequate motive and unimpelled by thought, forms that have no thought correspondence.' "—*M. C.*

"The steps in the development of self-criticism which lead to the establishment of personal standards of judgment and taste come naturally in original work. Self-criticism leads to self-discipline and the deeper action of the will to create. But skill must keep pace with the critical faculty, and we hope to aid in supplying the stimulus and the beginning of technique for a genuine, clear-headed desire for self-expression."

Results

Of the boy building the Viking ship. . . . . "Long before his tiny craft is completed he is riding out a gale in the North Sea, founding a colony in sunny Sicily, raiding the Norman coast, or discovering Greenland with Leif Ericson. He knows the 'feel' of the oars, sees himself at the 'steereboard,' senses the thrill of the sea in an open boat. To him his craft is symbolic of all these experiences, and in creating the symbol he has made these experiences a part of himself. Through the sustained effort his ship has called forth, the boy has fused in his memory great masses of impressions and information which would otherwise have remained dormant, undigested, vague, and incomplete.

"Unlike the pupils making desks, the Viking ship boy had no standardized shop tests with which to measure the progress of his work. Because his concept was unique, growing out of his emotional response to the Vikings, the success of his work could be measured only by the adequateness of its correspondence to his mental image. At every stage of its construction there was a constantly recurring demand upon his imagination and judgment, and

a continuous conflict between his mental concept and the resistant material with which he was working. Aside from the physical limitations of his materials and his lack of technical skill the responsibility for his work rested solely upon himself—the clarity of his mental image and the skill with which he selected from the world of his imagination those elements which would best express his concept."—*C. A. K.*

"The question may be asked, 'When can we know that a child's work has the quality of art?' It is natural for children to be pleased with what they have made. This is not a complacent state of thought, but results from having put the whole capacity to the work.....If the concept the child has is realized in his work, it has the quality of art. This, however, can only be seen in the child's response and attitude toward his work. The reaction to the work should be a satisfied child."—*M. C.*

".....there must be a need so vital that beauty is the natural outcome..... The children were sustained throughout by thought. It is the function of art to train the imagination to outward expression. This requires an exercise of thought. The ability to see mentally a situation present, past, or future is imagination."—*M. C.*

"It is right that children have the satisfaction of seeing their work come to a successful completion when effort has been made. Success is a stimulus for greater effort. The confidence and power the children gain in this work is of greater value than the outward expression."—*J. M.*

"It was worth the time, for during the study the children gained much in discrimination and feeling for the best design and construction, and had opportunity to develop their creative ability and apply it to a practical problem. This meant that *they acquired a surprisingly large amount of technique, knowledge,* and *skill,* and that they worked with *great zest and enthusiasm* because they were 'making something *they would all enjoy.*'"—*K. C.*

"..... we must help them to express what they want to express. Whatever the content, it is surely true that until they have had both these opportunities in full measure, to experience and to express, they have not had the chance of acquiring what Colonel Parker calls 'that which is noblest in a human being, the impelling power to action.'"—*H. G.*

To these statements should be added some comment on the value of the child's ready assumption of complete responsibility for the end to be achieved. No need to talk about responsibility when creation is in process. The child is doing the thing. It is his own. Of course he is responsible.

III

In addition to these principles which we have specifically stated, there seem to be at least three conceptions which we take for granted, for the most part, but which deserve explicit emphasis nevertheless.

First, the children have a great deal to express. In all probability most children have more to express than most adults realize or remember, and one function of the school is to increase their wealth of experience. For instance, a great part of the creative product described or presented in this book resulted directly from the building up of rich "backgrounds" in school. The Greeks, the Vikings, the Indians, prehistoric man—these figures of the past become part of children's lives, actually, and fire their imaginations.

Secondly, we hold it to be the sacred right of every child to find out, by trying all avenues of expression, how he can best or most happily express himself. It is a matter of no small importance that Philip discovers in his senior year in high school—during some weeks spent in making etchings—that he can sketch. He cannot sing or dance or act particularly well; that he realized long ago. But now—he can draw! It is an amusing if highly tentative reflection that if the psycho-analyst is right, in his war against repression, the school may credit itself with a vast contribution to adult happiness and peace if the school encourages every child to free self-expression in whatever medium each child can use.

But individual happiness cannot be achieved without the happiness which involves what we may misleadingly call social relationships; our true meaning is most apparent in terms of these creative experiences. Few people would paint a picture or tell a story or sing a song if no one were present to look or to listen. One does not create for oneself alone. Few of us could be really happy in a world in which no one made things for our appreciation. Man

cannot live for himself or by himself alone. Perhaps this truth is nowhere more apparent than in the causes and results of creative effort. In a school, such effort is produced only by the manifestation of this truth in every part of the pupil's life.

IV

We may seem to have said surprisingly little about "beauty." That is partly because we are modest, to a degree. We have presented to the reader compositions, music, and pictures, which we think contain elements of beauty. We have described activities which seemed to us beautiful. We believe that freedom to create produces beauty.

We have not said enough about beauty of environment. We have inveighed against the imitation of art forms; no one ever creates by copying. But aesthetic inclinations and standards are set up subconsciously by whatever beauty the environment contains. Therefore a school must needs be housed beautifully. The house must be furnished with an eye to beauty as well as utility. Children must know beautiful music and literature and see beautiful pictures, and they must be shown beauty in landscape and architecture. Seldom directly, but constantly nevertheless, forms of beauty will be translated into other forms of beauty.

And we have failed to dwell upon the effect that creating beauty has upon one's ability to appreciate beauty created by someone else. Surely it goes without saying. The children who made the art room beautiful looked at all rooms with new eyes. The actor uses his leisure to see other actors perform. He who sings or writes enjoys more discriminatingly all good singing or writing.

All these things are of prime importance. No one has said it better than Keats:

> "Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
> We know on earth, and all we need to know."

APPENDIX

Additional Suggestions

WRITING AND SPEAKING

The Red Cross asked the school to provide for some international correspondence between school children. The pupils in a ninth grade English class became interested. They were given the address of a Czecho-Slovakian school, and they sent, every month from then on, a kind of book made up of their own writing. The subject of the first booklet was Chicago. Another described our Christmas Toy Shop.

Every occasion on which children can make speeches with an ulterior purpose is seized upon by the English teacher. At Christmas, for instance, our juniors go to every grade in the school to ask for books to clean and mend in Toy Shop.

To a teacher who is watchful, only too many actual needs for writing and speaking are presented by school life. Such writing and speaking contain always a creative element. E. D. C.

DALCROZE EURYTHMICS*

First Grade

A cave-boy dance—pantomiming the actions of a cave boy stealing upon an animal to catch it, seizing it, and executing a dance of exultation and victory, or disappointment and defeat if it escapes.

A little Eskimo—learning to shoot with bow and arrow, and to use the spear.

Mother Goose rhymes set to music by Elliot. These melodies are classics for children and should be given them as a musical background. They are also extremely plastic and can be acted out rhythmically with ease.

Second Grade

The story of Abraham sending his servant to find a wife for Isaac was enacted by showing the long train of camels crossing the desert. Maidens at the well were carrying water in water jars on their heads, and one of these, Rebecca, proved to be the wife sought for Isaac. The music used for this was the Arab Song from the Nutcracker Suite by Tchaikowsky.

*For the background assumed in many of these instances, see "Studies in Education," Vol. VII.

The Early Herdsmen—"The Coming of Summer," a play written by the children from their reading of the book, was chiefly composed of dances which they invented showing the attempts of the people to bring summer back by frightening the winter god away. "Waking the Earth," "The Eagle Dance," and the "Sacred Fire Dance" were shown, danced to the tom-tom beats in different kinds of rhythms. See article "Creative Effort in the Morning Exercise."

Third Grade

The third grade has coöperated with the seniors in producing "Old Pipes and the Dryad," taking the characters of the children, and doing the dance of the Echo Dwarfs. Music by Korngold, "The Brownies," was used for this dance.

Many different Greek plays have been enriched by rhythmic episodes such as the ball game of Nausicaa and the torch dance of the Festival of Athena. Appropriate music composed by Jaques-Dalcroze has been made use of in these instances. L. D. H.

LITTLE CHILDREN'S MELODIES

In the first grade occasions have arisen for making tunes in connection with the study of the farm and again in the Eskimo work.

In the second grade the children have made up music for songs in a play, "Isaac and Rebecca." This year the children made tunes of the chicken calls.

A group of fifth grade girls have one period a week to write original tunes for poems they choose themselves. I think this arrangement resulted from their interest in writing songs in their Greek work in the fourth grade. They worked in the large group in the fourth grade. In the fifth grade they want to do individual work.

For a description of the background work referred to in the first and second grades, see "Studies in Education," Vol. VII.

L. C.

DRAMATIZING

A full discussion of the subject will be found in "Plays and Playmaking in the Elementary and Secondary Schools," by John Merrill and Martha Fleming.

CREATIVE EFFORT IN DESIGN

Gifts for the seniors at graduation: Parchments carrying a quotation on the theme of the senior "class word" are lettered and decorated annually by the seventh grade. One eighth grade made individual book plates to give the seniors.

One grade designed and applied frescoes for the walls of the first grade room and the kindergarten.

Costumes, scenery, and special curtains are designed by the children for their plays.

Christmas cards are made, and sometimes are sold for charitable purposes.

All the art work for school annual, The Record, is original drawing done by high school pupils.

The eighth grade two years ago made a decorative scheme for their room. Every year that grade designs table-desks to make in the shop, and decorates them individually after making them. K. C.

DRAWING AND PAINTING

Everyday life provides adequate provision for creative experiences of all kinds. Imagination, that active faculty of the child-mind, is constantly expressing itself in outward ways; it takes little stimulus to convert an idea into reality. Material such as clay, paints, pencil, scissors, colored paper, without suggestion from the teacher, makes the child love to do. It is not necessary for a special occasion to make a reason for creative effort: it is a child's natural way of doing. There are, however, school experiences and special days, when the children share with the whole school something that is of special interest.

The morning exercise, County Fair, Field Day, Christmas Toy Shop, May Day—these provide motives for original drawings and paintings, posters, designs for costumes and toys. There is joyous response to such opportunity for creative work. M. C.

THE SHOP

During the present year the school shop is attempting to express in a concrete project the general principle underlying our conception of creative activity. The project is centered about the building of a forty-foot lake in the school garden, with bays and harbors, one of which is skirted by a range of miniature mountains formed of the excavated material. The water enters from a small lake in the mountains, flows down a mountain stream, drops over a falls, turning a water wheel in

its descent, and passes through the miniature village at the foot of the mountains and on into a river which winds for a hundred feet, thence entering the larger lake.

Some of the engineering features of the project are the building of a series of locks or lifting boats from the lake to the river, building lighthouses, dry docks, harbor equipment, a number of bridges of various types, and an electric railway system which circles the lake, tunnels the mountains, and winds its way up to the highest peak. A detailed account of the origin and development of the project will be the subject of a special publication to be issued by the school in the fall of 1925.

Other creative projects growing out of the work in the shop have been the building of a club house by an eighth grade class, a miniature monastery, many boats, from canoes and a 22-foot motorboat down to tiny models, airplanes, radio sets, kites, puppet stages, and model steam engines and motors. Each year the stage settings for the senior play are planned and built by members of the class, and throughout the year the facilities of the shop are constantly made use of in working out the settings for our County Fair, our spring bazaar, and numerous special events and amateur dramatics. C. A. K.

THE MORNING EXERCISE

See Francis W. Parker School Year Books, Vol. II, "The Morning Exercise."

PUBLICATIONS OF THE FRANCIS W. PARKER SCHOOL

Books by Members of the Faculty

Flora J. Cooke.

Nature Myths and Stories (adapted to children of the lower grades) .....A. Flanagan Company

Grace Vollintine.

The Making of America (history text for grades 6-8). Territorial expansion and settlement of the new lands by Americans and by foreign immigrants .....Ginn & Co.

Jennie Hall.

Weavers and Other Workers (supplementary reader for primary grades on the romantic side of the textile industry)..... .....Rand McNally & Co.

Four Old Greeks (stories of Achilles, Hercules, Alcestis, Dionysus) .....Rand McNally & Co.

Men of Old Greece (stories of Socrates, Themistocles, Leonidas, and Phidias, adapted to the middle grades).....Little, Brown & Co.

Viking Tales (Part I deals with Norse life; Part II with westward exploration).....Rand McNally & Co.

The Story of Chicago (adapted to grammar and upper grades)... .....Rand McNally & Co.

Our Ancestors in Europe (backgrounds of American history for grammar grades).....Silver, Burdett & Co.

Buried Cities .....The Macmillan Co.

Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen.

East of the Sun and West of the Moon (fairy tales for younger children).....Row Peterson & Co.

The Birch and the Star (realistic stories for younger children)... .....Row Peterson & Co.

Herman T. Lukens.

The Fifth School Year.. .....A. Flanagan Company

The Connection Between Thought and Memory.....D. C. Heath & Co.

Jessie Foster Barnes.

Histories et Jeux, revised (supplementary reading material for second and third year pupils).....Ginn & Co.

Studies in Education*

Volume I. The Social Motive in School Work.

This volume describes school activities which are controlled by strong social motives. The contents include articles on: *The Spirit of Giving as Developed at Thanksgiving and Christmas; The Setting and Costuming of a Play; Music in the School Community; Original Composition in Music; The School Print Shop; Printing in the Seventh Grade; Care of Chickens; Eighth Grade Community Work.*

Volume II. The Morning Exercise as a Socializing Influence.

In Volume II, the use of the social motive is further illustrated by articles describing exercises given in the daily school assemblies. They show how classroom work in science, mathematics, geography, literature, art, etc., has been utilized. Some exercises are reported verbatim, while in others the method of preparation is described. A classified list of typical morning exercises is given.

Volume III. Expression as a Means of Training Motive.

This volume deals with the place of expression in education. It contains an article on the theory of expression, and other articles as follows: *Play as Fundamental in Education; Oral Reading; The Value, Place, and Use of the Dramatic Instinct in the Education of Young People; Imaginative Writing; Clay Modeling; Metal Working; Making a Rug; The Social Application of Painting and Drawing.*

Volume IV. Education Through Concrete Experience.

The articles in this volume show how the school provides opportunity for the pupils to gain adequate mental imagery as a basis of study, through individual activity and observation, and through personal contact with actual materials. They also show how, through constructive activities and projects connected with the school life of the pupil, the application of knowledge gained is demanded. The work of many grades and departments is represented, accompanied by many illustrations.

Volume V. The Course in Science.

This volume presents the science of both the elementary and high school. Following a statement of the general principles controlling the selection of material and its organization, the work of each grade and high school course is presented separately and completely. Subject matter is fully outlined, including much experimental work, methods of presentation are indicated, and the outcome is made clear by representative pieces of children's work. An attempt is made throughout the volume to show how the work in science may be based entirely upon the interests, activities, and problems of the pupil. Lists of reference books are included and there are numerous illustrations.

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*The first five volumes were published as *Year Books.*

Volume VI. The Individual and the Curriculum.

An account of a year's trial of the Individual Project Method in the Seventh Grade is given in this book. The basic problems and also the detail of the daily work of this radical experiment are fully explained. Other articles picture the more usual class group doing independent or correlated work in almost every type of subject matter, from the freest art expression to the most practical of problems. Still others show the school community organized to meet certain social emergencies of its own and of the world at large.

Volume VII. Social Science Series: The Course in History.

In this volume the history work is presented in full, from the social activities of the first grade to the more formal history courses of the high school.

In each grade, some vital period or chapter in the history of human progress, some typical race experience characterized by lasting achievement, is chosen for intensive study. The basis of selection of this subject matter is not a chronological sequence, but the varying characteristics, abilities, and stages of development of children. No attempt has been made to cover the whole field of history, but problems have been chosen which demand initiative, creative imagination, and contact with beauty in many forms, and which give daily opportunity for varied and satisfying achievement and self-expression.

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